THE GREATEST National Weekly Newspaper IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION OVER 225,000 EACH WEEK. SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

FOUNDED IN 1836 — TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1911. — SEVENTY-SIXTH YEAR, NO. 27.

A CHILD of the NIGHT

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

COPYRIGHT 1901 BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

CHAPTER I.

An Encounter on the Streets.

It was as I turned the corner into the Rue de l'Eveque that a woman ran straight into my arms. I could hear her gasping for breath, and a glance told me that she was young and pretty. She clutched nervously at my sleeve, and, not unwillingly, I put my arm about her to prevent her falling.

"What is it, Mademoiselle?" I questioned.

She seemed too agitated and exhausted to reply, but pointed down the street, where, through the gloom, I saw a man running towards us.

"He is following you?" I asked.

She nodded.

"And you wish to be relived of him?"

Again she nodded.

"Very well, Mademoiselle," I said, "do you remain here, and I will say a few words to this intruder."

I placed her in the shadow of the wall, and drawing my sword, advanced to meet her pursuer. I had not far to go, for he was almost upon us. He attempted to pass me, but stopped when he saw my point at his breast.

"Not so fast, Monsieur," I said. "It would be well to pause here for a moment. You are quite out of breath and further exertion might easily bring on apoplexy."

He stared at me in amazement, his face purple, his eyes starting from his head. I saw by his attire that he was a bourgeois of the better class. He was very fat, which accounted for the fact that the girl had outstripped him, and was perhaps sixty years of age. He looked him in the eyes with a smile, and the thought came to me that those were not the eyes of an honest man.

"And who the devil are you?" he cried, when he had recovered his breath sufficiently to speak.

"My name is of no moment, Monsieur," I answered. "It is enough that I do not wish you to pass, but to turn by the way you came."

He stared at me for a moment, his amazement visibly increasing. I merely smiled the more, for the situation amused me greatly.

"If this is a jest,'" he said, at last, trembling in his anger," it is a sorry one and one that will cost you dear."

"It is no jest," I declared. "On the contrary, I was never more earnest. The way is barred for the present. Return, I beg of you, or I shall be obliged to enforce my request, though I am far from wishing to harm you," and I made a significent gesture with my sword.

"So you are the lover!" he sneered. "I suspected there was a lover," and he looked me up and down. "I shall not forget your appearance, Monsieur, though I do not know your name. I warn you again that you are playing a dangerous game."

"Dangerous or not," I retorted, losing patience, "I play it to suit myself. Be off!"

"She is my niece," he protested. "I am her legal guardian. You are setting the law at defiance."

"Be off!" I cried, for I feared every moment that a section of the watch would chance into the street. He doubtless had the same thought, for he looked about him with expectant eyes, but saw the street deserted. He glanced at me again, and I prodded him gently with my sword. He started as he felt the point and walked slowly away, muttering horrible curses and shaking his fists in the air in an ecstacy of rage. I had never before seen a man so wholly lose grip of his temper, and more than half expected him to fall in a fit.

But he did not fall, only staggered from side to side of the street like a drunken man. I watched him until he faded from sight in the gathering darkness, and then turned back to the fugitive.

She had apparently recovered from her exhaustion, for she arose as I approached and looked at me shyly. She was prettier than I had thought.

"Well Mademoiselle," I said, "it seems I have rid you of your pursuer. Now whither shall I conduct you? Before me, I am wholly at your service."

She glanced up into my face and went red, then white, then red again, and lowered her eyes in helpless confusion. Standing so, I could see her long sooty lashes outlined against her cheek, the drop of the lids, the little curve, the shell-like-ear—'twas enough to make any man play the fool. I confess, I had done it for much less.

"I do not know, Monsieur," she stammered, at last, "where can you take me."

"What?" I cried, astonished in my turn. "But your home, Mademoiselle; your family?"

"It is from my home that I flee," she answered sadly, a little break in her voice. "It is my family whom I fear."

"But your friends?" I persisted, my heart warming towards her. "At least you have friends."

She shook her head, and I fancied I could see the tears shining beneath the lashes.

"None who would not conceive it their duty to deliver me to my family," she said, and stood knitting her fingers together nervously.

I paused a moment in sheer bewilderment. Here was a problem!

"Perhaps it is my duty also to deliver you to your family," I remarked at last, but my heart was not in the words.

"Ah, you would not say so, Monsieur, if you knew the story!" and she looked up at me beseechingly, her eyes bright with tears. There was no mistaking the time, and I, certainly, could not resist their appeal, which sent the blood bounding in my temples.

"Come," I said, "we must get away from here, at any rate, or your amiable uncle will return with reinforcements and surprise us. Take my arm, Mademoiselle."

She did so without hesitation, and I led her across the Rue St. Honore and into the gardens of the Tuileries. The place was thronged with people, as it always is in the evening, summer or winter, and, deciding that not one would discover us among so many, I found an unoccupied seat under the trees near the river, where I installed her.

On the way I had reflected on the situation in which I found myself, and its complete absurdity struck me for the first time. Here was I, a young man alone in Paris, knowing no one, with no fortune but youth's hope for the future, assuming the protection of a pretty girl of 16 or 17, whom I had never seen until 10 minutes since and whose name I did not even know.

I could not help laughing as I seated myself beside her. She looked at me for a moment with a glance clear and unembarrassed, but in which there was nothing bold nor immodest, and then, comprehending my thought, she threw back her head and laughed with me. I was enchanted and in my admiration forgot my mirth. I saw that her throat was full, round and white, that her chin was adorable, that there were dimples in her cheeks, that her mouth was finely arched and her teeth small regular. I felt a sudden warmth about my heart. Plainly here was a girl innocent as well as beautiful and who looked at the world with eyes in which there was no trace of jaundice or suspicion. Harm such a one? Not I!

"Come, Mademoiselle," I said at last, "it is necessary for us to arrive at an understainding of the situation. You behold in me Pierre le Moyne, late of Mont-de-Marsan, but for a week upast and I trust for the future, of Paris, and, I repeat, wholly at your service," and as I said the word I arose and bowed before her.

She acknowledged my bow with a pretty little nod of the head.

"And I, Me le Moyne," she answered, "am Mademoiselle Anne Ribaut; although I much prefer to be called Nanette, and, I fear, very greatly in need of your services."

"Tell me the story," I suggested, and reseated myself beside her.

"Well, Mde Moyne," she began, "it is like this. My father and mother are both dead—have been dead for so long that I remember neither of them—and my father's brother, Jacques Ribaut, a jeweler of the Rue des Moulins, is my guardian. Until a week ago he kept me at the convent of the Sacred Heart, and then, finally, just as I began to think I was to spend my whole life there, he sent for me. Oh, how pleased I was when the time came to leave those fearful gray walls, within which one never dared speak above a whisper! But I did not imagine what was about to befall me or I should not have been so happy. I arrived at the Rue des Moulins; I was shown into the presence of my uncle and I tried to make him love me. He looked me over much as he would have inspected an ox he was about to purchase, and he seemed well satisfied."

"I do not doubt it," I said, and I looked at her sparkling eyes and laughing mouth and thought that a man must indeed be hard to please who would not be satisfied.

"Do not interrupt, I beg of you, Monsieur," she cried, "or I shall lose my place, as we used to say at the convent. Well, as I said, he appeared pleased, and I had begun to hope that we should be very happy together, and that he would be good to me and permit me to see something of the world. But the next day he brought in another man to see me—oh, a horrible man, with a great nose which seemed to spread all over his face, and green eyes that would make you tremble. He also looked me over in a way that made my flesh tingle—that filled me with shame and anger, as though I had been insulted—and then they both went away and I tried to forget all about it. But the next day my uncle came to see me again and informed me that I was to marry this man, whse name, it seems, is Jean Briquet. I protested that I did not wish to marry, and especially not such a monster. I said that I had, as yet, seen nothing of the world, except that gray and dreary bit enclosed within the four walls of the convent—that I was still young and that there was plenty of time. But my uncle was inexorable. He said it was already a thing accomplished, since he had already promised M. Briquet my hand, and that the wedding should take place in a week's time."

She paused for a moment, overcome by the horror of the recollection, and I found that in some manner her hand had made its way to mine. She did not attempt to remove it, and I held it closely, with a strange tenderness in my heart. It was so warm, so soft, so confiding—a child's hand.

"Yes, yes," I said, fearing that if she paused she would see her hand a captive, "and then?"

"I heard no more about it until tonight, when my uncle came to me and told me that the wedding was to take place at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. He paid no heed to my entreaties and reproaches, but warned me not to fail to be ready at the hour, and turned on his heel and left me. I could think of only one thing to do—that was to flee. Anything seemed preferable to marrying that hideous creature. So I put on my hat, placed in my purse the little money I possess, stole down the stairs and through the front door to the street. Unfortunately, my uncle caught a glimpse of me as I passed the house and started in pursuit. You know the rest, Monsieur. You do not blame me?" and she looked at me with eyes soft with entreaty.

"No," I said, "I do not blame you. You were right to flee, since there was no other way. No one could expect you to marry a monster."

"Ah, how glad I am to hear you say that!" she cried. "And you will protect me, Monsieur, will you not? How I admired the manner in which you disposed of my uncle this evening," and she smiled at me in a way there was no resisting.

Evidently even within the walls of a convent a woman may learn things—or perhaps no woman needs to be taught the surest way to reach a man's heart.

CHAPTER II.

I Find Myself Mother to an Enchanting Girl.

We sat for a time in silence, she looking with childish delight at the brilliant and ever-changing scene before her, I pondering over the perplexities of the situation. I saw that I should need all my wit to straighten out the snarl, and though I was proud of my wit, as every Gascon must be, I doubted somewhat if it would be equal to this task. But this misgiving did not vex me long—we of the south take trouble as it comes. Besides, was I not here, in one of the loveliest spots of the most beautiful city in the world, with an enchanting girl at my side, who permitted me to hold her hand and gaze into her eyes? Mordieu! in such a situation, how could a man, with warm, red blood in him, doubt his power for bringing things to pass?

Indeed, the scene itself was one to make a man forget its troubles, as I saw it had made my companion forget hers, and I had not looked upon it so often that I could contemplate it with indifferent eyes. The moon was just rising behind the long line of the Tuileries and showed us in the walks and about the fountains the crowds which had gathered to get a breath of air and exchange a word of gossip. A row of lanterns had been swung from end to end of the Allee des Orangers—by order, perhaps, of some wealthy bourgeois, who wished to hold a fete there—and two or three men, in a uniform I did not know, were busy keeping loiterers away. It was public ground, of course, but then money will work miracles, especially in Paris. Away to our right gleamed the quays and the river; the former even more crowded than the gardens, the latter sparkling with the lanterns of grain-barges and fishing boats, drifting with the current, or slowly making head against it. And everywhere was the murmur of voices, like the wind stirring the leaves of a great forest.

I saw how the girl's eyes sparkled and her lips opened with delight as she gazed at all this.

"Beautiful, is it not, Mademoiselle?" I asked, at last, merely to make her look at me, that I might see again into her eyes.

"Oh, beautiful! I had never imagined the like!"

"Not even when you were building your castles of the future in the convent?"

She made a little grimace of disgust.

"This is life," she said. "That was not life—it was only the gray shadow of it."

Then suddenly I saw that she shivered.

"You are cold!" I cried. "And you have no cloak—only this thin dress. Come, we must go!"

"Go?" she questioned, looking at me, all her worry back upon her in an instant. "Yes—but whither, Monsieur? Not back to my uncle's!"

She was quite white with the horror of the thought, and I felt that her hand was trembling. I pressed it in both of mine—a child's hand, I repeated to myself.

"No, not back to your uncle's," I assured her. "But you must go somewhere for the night. Could you not return to the convent?"

She breathed a deep sigh of relief and the color swept back into her cheeks again. But she shook her head in answer to my question.

"I had thought of that," she said; "but they would deliver me again to my uncle in the morning, Monsieur."

"True," I murmured, and I pondered over the problem deeply. Clearly, there was only one thing to be done, but it could hardly fail to compromise her, and I paused. I had need to be very sure of myself.

"Mademoiselle," I said, at last, "you believe me to be a man of honor, do you not?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, and she looked at me and smiled again.

"I pray you to believe me so, Mademoiselle," I continued earnestly. "I am going to assume a brother's right to protect you. Tomorrow, I shall call upon your uncle, and will say a few things to him which I trust will bring him to his senses. But tonight, since you cannot remain in the gardens here, you must pass in my room."

She glanced at me with frightened eyes, but my face reassured her.

"Very well, M. Le Moyne," she answered quietly. "As I said before, I believe you to be a man of honor."

I lifted her hand to my lips and kissed it.

"I appreciate your trust, Mademoiselle," I said, 'and shall do everything in my power to deserve it."

She glanced at me again and I saw that her eyes were shining.

"Come, let us go," she said, and we arose.

"The house I occupy, Mademoiselle," I explained, as we started away, "is in the Rue du Chantre, and the room is but a poor affair, yet I trust you will find it comfortable. I have been in Paris only a week, and have not yet found better lodgings. In fact," I added, judging it best to tell her the whole truth at a breath, "my fortune is not a large one, and not knowing how soon I should be able to increase it, I judged it best to husband it as much as possible."

"There, there, Monsieur," she cried, "do not apologize, I beg of you! You forget that I have no claim upon you and that what you are doing is out of charity, without hope of reward."

A reply leaped to my lips as I looked into her eys, but I choked it back and we passed through the streets in silence. In my heart I felt a great tenderness for this innocent and confiding creature, who leaned so naturally upon my arm, and who evidently had heretofore gazed upon the world only from a distance, comprehending nothing of what she saw; but I reflected that I, who knew not how to support myself, certainly could not hope to support a wife also, and put the thought behind me.

The Rue St. Honore was crowded as we left the garden and turned into it, and the front of the Palais Royal brilliantly lighted, but every one was occupied with his own affairs and we seemed to be unobserved. Pushing our way through the crowd, we soon reached the Rue du Chantre. The street grew more and more deserted as we left the Rue St. Honore behind.

"This is the place, Mademoiselle," I said, at last, and as we entered the house together I saw the old woman who acted as conceirge, and whom I had come to detest even in a week's time, leering at us horribly. My blood was boiling as I caught the meaning of her grimace, but I said nothing, fearing to alarm my companion, and we slowly mounted tthe dark staircase.

"'Tis on the third floor," I said, and we kept on, awakening a thousand echoes. "This is the door, Mademoiselle. I will open it. There is a candle on the table. Good night."

I took her hand, which I felt was trembling.

"And you?" she asked in a whisper.

"I will remain here," I said. "I will sleep upon the threshold. No one can enter without arousing me, so that you may sleep calmly without fear. Good night."

"Good night," she answered, and there were tears in her voice. She lingered yet a moment, as though there were something she still wished to say, then entered the room and closed the door behind her. I heard her moving about for a few moments, and then all was still.

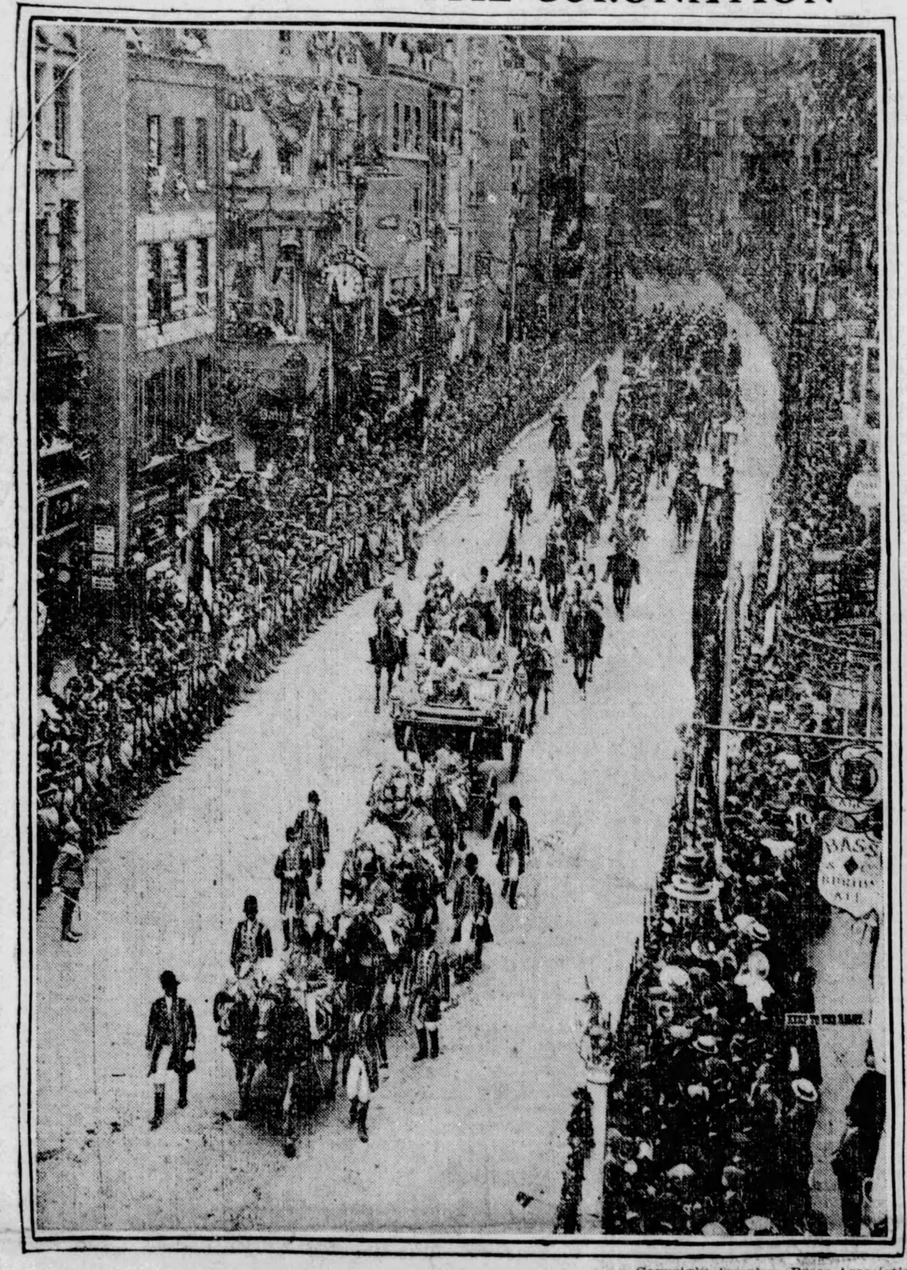
I sat down upon the top step of the staircase and considered the situation. I confess it appeared to me an awkward one, for, though I had spoken so confidently to her, I had small hope that whatever I might say would have any weight with her ogre of an uncle. He doubtless detested me as heartily as I did him, and it was not to be denied that he had the law behind him, though in this instance, as in many others, quite divorced from justice. I trembled at thought of the blow her reputation must sustain if it were known that for a night she had been my guest—the face of the concierge, as I had seen it leer at us, gave earnest of what the whole gay, evil world or Paris would believe. I tore my kerchief from my throat, for the thought suffocated me. No one should ever know—how could they, in this great, seething, clamorous city? And if they did—if any dared to hint—thank God, I could answer with my sword!

He had thought me her lover—curse his shifty, treacherous eyes! Perhaps she had a lover—and I winced at the thought. But no, I would not believe it! She would have told me. She would have asked me to take her to him. And besides, I reflected, with a sigh of relief, she had said that she had left the convent a week before only to find her uncle's house another prison. She could not have made such progress in knowledge of the world in so short a time—indeed, the frankness of her look was proof enough.

With this thought, which somehow soothed and pleased me, I wrapped my cloak about me, and sword at side, lay down athwart the threshold. A vision of her sweet face danced before me—her eyes loked into mine, pure and limpid as twin stars. Marveling at their guilelessness, I bent to kiss their rosy lids. Still they gazed at me, serene, untroubled, and I stopped, shamed in my inmost consciousness, as one who had thought to desecrate a flower.

(To be Continued.)

A PICTURE OF THE CORONATION



—Copyright American Press Association

Coronation procession in Fleet street. The royal coach containing the King and Queen.

The First Free Lunch.

Watertown Standard.

To Ned Mather, a native of this city and a man who spent his declining years here, is given credit for originating the idea of free lunches. He inaugurated the first free lunch in Baltimore, and Baltimore historians place the year at either 1865 or 1866. The front bar at Barnum's hotel in Baltimore, where the quality folks gathered, is where it is said to have originated.

One day Mather conceived the idea of free lunch in the place and sent word to the kitchen to ascertain from the cook what she had cooked that day in which she felt particular pride. The cook sent back word that the Smithfield ham was worthy to tickle the palate of a king. Mather ordered her to make up some sandwiches, and when the usual crowd came they found these spread on a table and declared Mather a philanthropist of the most useful and praiseworthy type.

Up to that time all that there was of a free lunch was a few crackers on the bar, but no one ever thought of eating them.

The World's Growing Wants

IN CITIES where the automobile has become so common that it seems to crowd other vehicles into the background it is difficult to realize that the United States and the world use more horses than ever before. Yet the market for horses is strong and rising. They are worth much more than they were 10 years ago, and there are over a million more of them in the United States alone.

The motor vehicles have not crowded out horses, except in a narrow sense. They have only added to the world's means of transportation and movement. The demand for horses is greater than it was before the automobile came, but less than it would have been if the motor vehicle had not been invented. Chiefly, however, the engine-driven and battery-driven carriage, truck and wagon have only given man more facilities for getting about and carrying his merchandise and belongings than he would otherwise have had.

When the mercerizing of cotton came into vogue it was predicted that the demand for silk would be much reduced. Since then the glossy and beautiful fabrics made of cotton have been as popular as any one in the trade dared to hope that they would be, but the consumption of silk has increased enormously, none the less.

In the last 30 years the average annual production of raw silk has increased almost three-fold. It is larger now than it ever was before, and the supply is readily absorbed. All substitutes have done nothing more than add to the world's total use of lustrous cloth.

Similar results have followed every great change in the lighting industry. Gas was expected to supplant oil lamps, and oil is more used than ever before. Electricity came into the field and many confident predictions were made that the end of gas lighting was near. On the contrary, the consumption of gas for illuminating purposes is greater than ever before.

The electric street car was invented and quickly demonstrated its usefulness. Immediately enthusiasts declared that it would be but a short time before electricity took the place of steam on railways throughout the country. The horse car was, indeed, banished from city streets, but the electric interurban trolley railroad has proved only a great addition to the facilities for travel and for the movement of certain classes of merchandise. The steam railroads carry more passengers and more freight than they did before the first trolley line was opened.

It is the same in sports. Golf has gained great vogue in the United States in the last few years. Bowling tenpins — has made equally rapid progress in winter. Both have given a large number of persons a new means of earning a living. Meanwhile, no popular sport or pastime has disappeared, though bicycle riding has lost ground greatly in cities and districts where the automobile is especially common and popular.

When the first pictures were made by the action of sunlight upon chemically prepared plates there were many to prophesy the early doom of painting. It was predicted that artists of all kinds would quickly find their occupation gone. Now the entire civilized world realizes that what has happened is only the addition of new forces and forms in art and the opening of new fields for art workers. The number of artists is greater than it was at any earlier period.

The history of mechanical devices for playing the piano and for reproducing music of many kinds is another lesson of the same import. Teachers of piano playing have gained rather than lost pupils. There are more concerts than ever before. But the world has a great deal more music than it had when there were no such devices for supplementing human skill.

In the large view the capacity of mankind for absorbing and making use of new means of enjoyment, new comforts, new inventions, new appliances of many kinds, is far beyond the tests to which it has ever been subjected. Given larger means of paying for what is wanted, the world's consumption of all kinds of products from canned music to electric lights and automobiles would be almost limitless.

ASHTON-KIRK INVESTIGATOR

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE PENN PUB CO PHILADELPHIA

CHAPTER VII

The Schwartz-Michael Bayonet.

As Ashton-Kirk and Pendleton sat in the former's library that evening after dinner, there came a knock upon the door and Fuller entered briskly. In his hand he carried a paper parcel which he laid upon a stand at the investigator's elbow.

"This is the bayonet, sir," said he. "Mr. Stillman, the coroner, objected to letting me have it at first, but changed his mind after I had talked to him for a while."

"Did you take the photograph to Berg in Christie Place?"

"Yes, sir. He recognized it at once as that of the person in question."

"And you made inquiries upon the other point?"

"I did. Neither Mr. Stillman nor any of the men who removed the body of Hume have been out of town within a week. I also questioned Mr. Osborne; his answer was the same. Brolatsky's reply was similar; and he also said that Hume had not ridden on a railroad in years."

"That will be all, Fuller, thank you."

The brisk young man had reached the door when the investigator added:

"One moment."

He scribbled something upon a pad, tore off the leaf and handed it to his aid.

"Look these things up at once."

Fuller took the paper, glanced at it and then replied:

"Very well, sir."

Seated in his big chair with the jar of Greek tobacco and sheaf of brown paper wrappers before him, Ashton-Kirk did not display any haste in removing the covering from the bayonet that had let the life out of the art dealer. Rather he sank deeper into the arms of the chair; the cigarette end became gray and dead between his fingers; the strangely brilliant eyes closed as though he had fallen asleep.

But Pendleton, who understood his friend's ways, knew better; the keen, swift-moving mind was but arranging the developments of the day, weighing them, giving to each its proper value. A little later and the eyes would unclose, more than likely alight with some new idea, some fresh purpose drawn from his reflections.

And as Pendleton waited, he, too, fell into a musing state and also began marshaling the facts as he saw them. Ashton-Kirk, during dinner, had told him those regarding the visit of Edyth Vale the day before.

"Pen, you know I don't usually do this," the investigator had informed him. "But as you know so much already, and your feelings in the matter being what they are, I think it best that you should know more."

And now Pendleton, as he rolled and consumed cigarette after cigarette, went over the facts as they had been laid before him.

"And Morris," said he to himself, as he reached the end of his friend's recital; "now what sort of a mess has Allan Morris got himself into? And after he had got into it, why in heaven's name didn't he keep quiet about it? What good could come from Edyth's knowing it?"

Then the fact that Morris had apparently tried to keep his secret from Miss Vale presented itself. But Pendleton dismissed it with contempt.

"Tried!" he said to himself. "Of course; but how? By marching up and down the floor. By a great parade of tragic despair; by sighs and the wringing of his hands. I've always suspected Morris of being a bit theatrical—and now I am sure of it."

He roused himself for a moment, lighted a fresh cigarette and settled back once more.

"I'm not Kirk by any means," he reflected, "and this sort of thing is altogether out of my line. But it seems clear that Edyth—after leaving here yesterday—received some unexpected news. When she was here, consulting Kirk, she was, to all appearances, in a quandary — helpless. She did not know how to proceed; she understood nothing. But her darting off alone that way after midnight proves that some sort of a crisis had come up. She had heard something—more than likely through Morris. He probably," with great contempt, "became hysterical again, couldn't contain himself and blabbed everything—whatever it was."

Then he burst outaloud, angrily.

"She went to Hume's last night because she had reason to think that Morris would be there. And if the truth were known, Morris was there."

"My dear fellow," said the voice of Ashton-Kirk, "the truth, upon that particular point, at least, is known. Allan Morris was at Hume's last night. He was the man whom Berg saw enter after the musician."

"How do you know?" asked Pendleton, astonished.

"Fuller, with a report which he recently made upon Morris, handed me a photograph of that gentleman. While we were at dinner, Berg identified the portrait as being that of Hume's secret visitor."

"I was right, then. Edyth did go there expecting to meet him—to protect him, perhaps. If you knew her as well as I do, Kirk, you'd realize that it's just the sort of thing she'd do. But," positively, "she did not find him there."

"What makes you think that? There was still one of Hume's visitors left, when she got there. It may have been Morris."

"It was Spatola," answered Pendleton, with conviction. "The scream of the cockatoo which came from Hume's rooms when the pistol was discharged proves it. When Spatola went in, Berg said he was carrying something under his coat. Brolatsky told the coroner this morning that the Italian sometimes brought his trained birds with him when he called at Hume's. That's what he had last night."

But Ashton-Kirk shook his head.

"At this time," he said, "it will scarcely do to be positive on some things. Indications are plenty, but they must be worked out. I have some theories of my own upon the very point that you have just covered, but I will not venture a decided statement until I have proven them to the limit. It's the only safe way."

Pendleton discontentedly hitched forward in his chair.

"I thought," said he, "that you worked entirely by putting this and that together."

"That is precisely what I do," returned Ashton-Kirk. "But I have found through experience, that there must be no loose ends left to hang. Such things are treacherous; you never know when they'll trip you up and upset all your calculations." He paused a moment and regarded his friend steadfastly. Then he continued, "But, just now, I think we had better not trouble ourselves about Edyth Vale and Allan Morris. To be sure, the latter's connection with the affair is peculiar; Miss Vale's visit to Hume's last night, the sounds which Sams heard immediately after she had gone in—her turning out of the gas and hurried flight, are also strange and significant enough. But they are perhaps the very end of the story; and it is best never to begin at the end."

"Is there any way by which you can begin at what you think is the beginning?" asked the other.

Ashton-Kirk took up the parcel which Fuller had laid at his elbow.

"Here is one way," he answered. "Let us see where it leads us."

He stripped off the wrapper, and the bayonet which had killed the numismatist was revealed, blood-clotted and ugly. Carefully the investigator examined the broad, powerful blade and heavy bronze hilt.

"A Schwartz-Michael, just as I thought," he said.

"The maker's name is upon it then?" said Pendleton.

But the other shook his head.

"No," said he. "But it happens that I have given some attention to arms, and the bayonet, though a weapon that is passing, came in for its share."

He balanced the murderous-looking thing in his hand and proceeded.

"There are not many types of bayonets. The first was what they called a 'Plug,' because it was made to fit into the muzzle of a flint, or matchlock. Then there was the socket bayonet, the ring bayonet and an improved weapon invented by an English officer named Willingworth which met with much favor in the armies of Europe. But the latest development is the sword bayonet, of which this is an example. Its form is a great improvement over the older makes; it is an almost perfect side arm as well, having a cutting edge a point, and a grip exactly like that of a sword. There are a number of makes of this type; the Schwartz-Michael is one of the least known of these. Upon its being placed on the market it was adopted by three governments—Bolivia, Servia and Turkey—and there it stopped."

He laid the weapon upon the table and settled himself back in his chair.

"It struck me when I first saw the thing," he went on, "that it was a little singular that a Schwartz-Michael should even find its way into the United States. Now, it would not surprise me to find an English revolver in Patagonia, or an American rifle in Thibet, because they are universally known and used. Any one might carry them. But a bayonet is different, of course; it is a strictly military arm, and its utility is limited. That a criminal should select one with which to commit a murder is unusual; and, further, the fact that the make is one never introduced into the United States is rather remarkable."

"It is—a little," agreed Pendleton.

"It is a small thing, but all clews are small things. Now there are many ways in which such a weapon might find its way into the country; but I took the most likely of these as a be-

General Custer and His Horses

NO officer of the army was a better horseman or a greater lover of horses than General George A. Custer, of the cavalry corps, says a writer in the Army and Navy Journal. He spent much money on his mounts, and was never known to bestride a poor one. At the grand review of the Army of the Potomac, May 18, 1865, General Custer's horsemanship and the horse he rode were accidentally brought into conspicuous prominence. While President Andrew Johnson, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, General Grant and General Sherman and many other prominent officials sat on the reviewing stand in front of the White House they were astonished to see General Custer dash madly by at breakneck speed. He endeavored to salute the president in passing, but his horse was beyond his control for the time being, and he lost his hat and sword. A mounted orderly followed him and returned them. General Custer, having regained control of the runaway, rode past the reviewing stand again with bowed head, and having reached the head of his division and passing in review gave the salute with his inimitable grace and precision. His horse had been frightened by a bevy of schoolgirls, 300 in number, seated on a stand at the corner of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, not far east of the reviewing stand, who arose in a body and threw bouquets at the gallant general as he passed.

The horse that he rode on that occasion was a magnificent seal brown thoroughbred stallion. He was a four-mile racer that had won 26 out of 33 races. Just before Lee's surrender at Appamattox Custer's Scouts had captured this horse, and he was named Don Juan. Unlike his namesake of Byronic fame, he was afraid of pretty girls and fled from them. He was found on a stud farm, was brought to Custer and was regularly appraised as captured property, contrabrand of war, and was sold to him by the quartermaster in charge. Don Juan was of a furious temper. He was later sent to General Custer's home at Monroe, Mich., where he was exhibited at a state fair and where he killed a groom. A year later he dropped dead of heart disease in his stall.

Custer had another unfortunate adventure, fine horseman that he was. Of his first buffalo hunt in Kansas, in the spring of 1867, he said:

"It may be because this was the first, but surely of the hundreds of thousands of buffaloes that I have since seen none have corresponded with him in size and lofty grandeur. My horse was above the average size, yet the buffalo towered even above him. I had carried my revolver in my hand from the moment the race began. I had placed the muzzle of the revolver close to the body of the buffalo, when, as if divining my intention, and feeling his inability to escape by fight, he suddenly determined to fight, and at once wheeled, as only a buffalo can, to gore my horse. So sudden was his movement and so sudden the corresponding veering of my horse to avoid the attack that to retain my control over him I hastily brought up my pistol hand to the assistance of the other. Unfortunately as I did so m finger in the excitement of the occasion pressed the trigger, discharged the pistol and sent the fatal ball into the very brain of the noble animal I rode. Running at full speed he fell dead in the course of his leap."

The Druggist Knew From Experience

I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for the past three years and those of my customers who buy it speak favorably regarding it. I have used it in my own family with good results, and I believe the preparation has great curative value. You may use this as you like.

Very respectfully,
C. B. RUPE & SON,
By C. B. Rupe, Mgr.,
Seymour, Texas.

Personally apepared before me this 20th day of July, 1909, C. B. Rupe, Druggist, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.
R. C. JANES,
J. P. and Ex-Officio.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Toledo Weekly Blade. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

ginning. Before I dressed for dinner, I ran over a rather complete card-index system which I maintain; and within a few minutes learned that the republic of Bolivia had, within the past year, changed both the rifle and bayonet used by its army."

"Well?" asked Pendleton, with interest.

"When a nation makes such a change the discarded arms are usually bought up by some large speculator or dealer in such things. And in the course of time they find their way to the military goods dealers who exist all over the world."

Here Fuller entered the room, and Ashton-Kirk turned to him inquiringly.

"Well?"

"In the morning Standard of April 9th," announced the young man, "I find an advertisement of Bernstine Brothers relative to a sale of condemned army equipment."

"Is anything specified?"

"They considered it important that high-power modern rifles were to be sold at a very small price. And they also lay some stress upon the fact that the stuff had been in use by the Bolivian army."

Pendeleton saw a look of satisfaction come into his friend's eyes. But there was no other evidence of anything unsual.

"And now," said the investigator, quietly, "with regard to this other matter."

"I find that there are two schools for mutes in this section," answered Fuller. "But both are some distance out of town."

The satisfaction in Ashton-Kirk's singular eyes deepened.

"Excellent," said he.

"One is on the main line—Kittridge Station; the other is on the Hammondsville Branch at a place called Cordova."

"Thank you," said Ashton-Kirk.

And when the door had once more closed behind his aid, the investigator continued to Pendleton:

"I figured upon some of the equipment reaching here. Military goods houses, such as Bernstine's, usually advertise each lot they receive; and I considered it possible that the murderer might have been attracted by this notice and procured the weapon from them. If he did, we may get some trace of him by inquiring at Bernstine's. But," flinging his arms wide and yawning as though weary of the subject, "that is work for tomorrow. Tonight we will rest and prepare for what is to come. But in the meantime," arising with enthusiasm, "let me show you a first edition of the 'Knickerbocker's History of New York' which I picked up recently."

He went to his book-shelves and took down two faded volumes. With eager hands Pendleton took them from him.

"Original covers!" cried he. "Binding unbroken; in perfect condition inside; not a spot or a stain anywhere." Then he regarded his friend with undisguised envy. "Kirk," said he, "you're a lucky dog. You can dig up more good things than anybody else that I know."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Newspapers Begin to Play Their Part.

Next morning Ashton-Kirk lounged in a comfortable window-seat, almost knee-deep in newspapers. The published accounts of the assassination were, in some instances, very sensational. Drawings, by special artists of persons concerned, were much in evidence, also half-tones of the exterior of 478 Christie Place. The names of Osborne and Stillman figured largely in the types; but what interested the investigator most was a portrait of the musician—the violinist, Antonio Spatola, and the story of his arrest.

The pictured face was that of a young man with a great head of curling hair. The features were regular, the expression eager and appealing.

"I would have pronounced him a musician, even if I had not heard that he was one," said Ashton-Kirk. "The head and face formations have all the qualities.' Then he ran over the story of Spatola's arrest and the causes that led up to it. At the finish he smiled. "They have tried and convicted him on the first page. If there was any way for them to do it, they'd execute him in the evening editons and print his dying words in the sporting extra. But," and he nodded his head appreciatively, "Osborne has a good case against him, at that."

Both the clerk, Isidore Brolatsky, and Berg seemed to have talked freely to the newspapermen. The character of Hume was treated in a highly colored manner. The visits of the Italian musician to the numismatist, his ambiton to shine as another Kubelik, his ungovernable temper, the high words that followed Hume's frequent sneers at his ambition and the fact that he once drew a knife upon his tormentor, were presented in full. But what appealed to the space-writers most was Brolatsky's story of how Hume had once called Spatola "Mad Anthony" and afterward showed him the portrait of General Wayne.

"This apparently drove him frantic," wrote one reporter, "and, noting this, Hume frequently applied the name to him, and more than likely displayed the portrait as well. The last time that Spatola visited Hume was upon the night of the murder. He evdently went to regale the numismatist wth music; for the delicatessen dealer, Berg, saw under his coat what was evidently his violin. During the course of the concert, Hume probably resumed his sneers; unable any longer to bear it, the Italian apparently struck him down, and then in blind rage of resentment, smashed and otherwise destroyed every one of the Wayne portraits he could find."

Fuller came in with another newspaper just about this time and Ashton-Kirk showed him the story.

"The Standard, then, seems to ignore the theory held by Osborne and Stillman that the murder was done in an attempt to steal the portrait found partly cut from the frame," said the assistant after studying the account. Then, inquiringly, he added: "What do you think of it, sir?"

"As a piece of sensational writing, I have no fault to find with it," said the investigator. "But the Standard's young man is no deep thinker. The single fact that Hume was a lover of real music should have shown him that his theory was wrong."

Fuller considered a moment.

"I don't think I quite get that," said he.

"It is simple enough. Hume being sensitive to harmony, asked Spatola very frequently to play for him; and, according to Brolatsky, paid him rather well for each performance. To furnish good music, Spatola must have not only talent, but also a violin that was at least fairly good."

"Yes, sir, I see that."

"Having a violin that was at least fairly good, Spatola, being a poor man, would take care of it. He would carry it in a case—he would especially do so in wet or damp weather. And it rained on the night of the murder. If he carried his violin in a case, there was no need of his putting it under his coat. And, another thing, a violin case is of such size as to prevent its being so carried, isnt' it?"

Fuller nodded.

"I think that's very good," said he.

"It would have been a very easy thing for the tSandard's man to have made a few inquiries as to whether Spatola used a violin case or no. If he had done so, I am inclined to think that the answers would have been in the affirmative. But there is another and more vital point upon which I would base an objection to the reporter's theory. He says that, goaded into a rage, Spatola struck his tormentor down. But he forgets that if the murderer did not visit Hume's with the intention of doing murder, it was rather a freakish thing for him to provide himself with a bayonet. However, that is a point that I discussed with Mr. Stillman yesterday; at first he was inclined to assume a somewhat similar position."

"But the broken and cut portraits?" questioned Fuller.

Ashton-Kirk smiled a little.

"Probably I shall be able to properly account for them when I return from a little trip that I am about to take today," said he. "That is," as a sort of afterthought, "if some things turn out as I think they will."

Fuller unfolded the newspaper that he had brought in.

"It is a late edition of the Star," he said. "The paper seems to have scored a beat, for it has some developments that may put a different face upon everything."

Ashton-Kirk took the sheet, and as he glanced at the flaring headlines, he whistled softly. The lines read:

"MYSTERIOUS WOMAN IN A MOTOR CAR!

"She Visits 478 Christie Place on the Night of Murder!

"DID A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S HAND DEAL THE DEADLY BLOW?

"A New Element Added t: the Hume Sensation!"

"The Star man sems to have struck up an acquaintance with Sams," said Ashton-Kirk, with interest. He thought for a moment, and then added to Fuller:

"Tell Stumph when Miss Edyth Vale arrives to show her here at once."

"Oh, you have been expecting her then?"

"No; I have not. But I am now."

After Fuller left the room, the investigator turned eagerly to the Star's leaded narrative. This laid great stress upon the evident wealth and dazzling beauty of the mysterious midnight visitor in Christie Place; and second only to her did they feature the well dressed stranger whom Berg had seen enter at Hume's door before he had closed his own place for the night. The revolver shot that had followed the woman's entrance and the parrot-like scream which had, in turn, followed that, lost nothing in the telling.

"Who was the woman? That is the mystery," the newspaper said in conclusion. "The hack driver caught but a glimpse of her, and in the excitement of the moment failed to take the number of the car. But that the latter was a Maillard he is positive. There are several headquarter's men following up the clew as this goes to press; and startling developments are expected at any moment

"As to the second man whom the fancy grocer, Berg, saw go into Hume's, there is a well founded belief that he is very well known in select circles and had called at Hume's frequently upon a matter concerning which both he and Hume were always very secretive. The Star called up both his apartments and his office, but he had not been seen at either place on the day after the murder. The clubs of which he is a member were resorted to, but with no more success. As this gentleman is known to be engaged to the beautiful heiress of a huge fortune, the Star's well known special writer, Nancy Prindeville, was detailed to get her statement. But a man servant stated that his mistress had given positive orders that she could not be seen."

The investigator threw down the paper.

"Well," said he to himself with a shrug, "that makes it a little annoying for the young lady. The fact that they refer to Morris when they speak of a young man 'well known in society circles' will be plain to everyone, for the facts of Morris' visits have been rather well exploited in all the other papers. And as newspaper men are not without daring in their conjectures, I wonder how long it will be before one of them openly associates the 'beautiful unknown' with Allan Morris' betrothed. I would, I think, offer even money that the thing is hinted at before night."

He sat for some time in the midst of the scattered sheets thinking deeply; then he pressed the bell call and Fuller presented himself.

"I want you to take up the investigation of Hume and Allan Morris where you left off the other day. Put Burgess, O'Neil and any others that you desire on the matter. I want complete information, and I want it quickly."

"Yes, sir," answered Fuller.

"Follow up anything that promises results concerning Morris' father. Especially find out if he ever knew Hume. Get every fact that can be gathered about the latter. You, or rather Burgess, hinted in the preliminary report that it was thought that he had at one time lived abroad. If it is possible establish that fact. In any event, go into his history as deeply as you can."

"Very well," said Fuller, with the easy manner of a person accustomed to carrying out difficult orders.

As the young man went out at one door, Stumph knocked upon another; then Miss Edyth Vale, very pale, but entirely composed, was shown into the room.

To Be Continued.

The Little Helper.

Sometimes, when you, dear little one,
Have closed your eyes and gone to sleep,
When all my daily tasks are done,
Beside your little bed I creep,
To watch you smiling while you dream,
All pure at heart, from trouble free,
You make me long for worthiness,
And though you do not know or guess,
And lure my lost hopes back to me.

Sometimes, when all my efforts seem
To be of no avail, and when
My wish to claim the world's esteem
And be the peer of worthy men
Has seemed a futile wish, I bend
Beside you where you sleeping lie,
And, as I watch, my hopes return,
And through your trust in me I learn
To keep ideals that are high.

Sometimes, when night's deep shades descend,
And raindrops beat against the pane,
When 'neath the storm the branches bend
And all the dripping boughs complain,
I watch you where you sweetly sleep,
You trust in me serene, secure,
And, though you do not know, you sweep
My doubts away and let me keep
My faith unsoiled, my purpose pure.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald

HEART RIGHT

When He Quit Coffee.

Life Insurance Companies will not insure a man suffering from heart trouble.

The reason is obvious.

This is a serious matter to the husband or father who is solicitious for the future of his dear ones. Often the heart trouble is caused by an unexpected thing and can be corrected if taken in time and properly treated. A man in Colorado writes:

"I was a great coffee drinker for many years, and was not aware of the injurious effects of the habit till I became a practical invalid, suffering from heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness to an extent that made me wretchedly miserable myself and a nuisance to those who witnessed my suffering.

"I continued to drink coffee, however, not suspecting that it was the cause of my ill-health, till, on applying for life insurance I was rejected on account of the trouble with my heart. Then I became alarmed. I found that leaving off coffee helped me quickly, so I quit it altogether and having been attracted by the advertisements of Postum I began its use.

"The change in my condition was remarkable. All my ailments vanished. My digestion was completely restored, my nervousness disappeared, and, most important of all, my heart steadied down and became normal, and on a second examination I was accepted by the Life Insurance Co. Quitting coffee and using Postum worked the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

When is the best time to set out grape sprouts or vines? What is the correct way to measure cherries or berries of any kind? Will somebody answer these questions?—N., Middlepoint, Ohio.

Will some Farmstead reader kindly tell me how to put up cucumbers for sour pickles—so that they will keep like the ones we buy from the grocer? —D., Allreds, N. C.

I will like to know how to remove warts from cows teats. Will some one enlighten me through the Farmstead columns?—S., Hillsboro, Ohio.

I would like to have a recipe for driving mites from my canary. I have tried the mite bird powder.—L., Charlevoi, Pa.

When shall I cut thorn bushes to kill them? I have cut them but they always grow again.—B., Canascraga, N. Y.

Something is the matter with our dog's ear. He shakes his head and appears to be in great pain. Would like an answer through the Farmstead. —W., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Kindly give me a remedy for the following disability of a good five-year-old mule: A large bloody wart as large as a man's hand on the front part of ankle of left leg. Animal is only slightly lame, but cannot be of much service until it is removed.—S., Summerville, W. Va.

THE DUCKLINGS

Mrs. M., Leland, Ore.: I had the same trouble with my ducks as you are experiencing with yours. After losing 30 I made the discovery that they were afflicted with mites, the same as young chickens. I greased each little head with fresh lard and put them in a box and sprinkled them with insect powder, covering the box with a cloth to keep the fumes in. Care must be used, as there is danger of smothering them. I now have 70 beauties. I will tell you how I feed them. I get nice corn, cracked rather fine; this I mix with milk from the separator, making it quite wet. To three quarts of the meal I add one tablespoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of sharp gravel and feed in shallow throughs. The water is in milk pans, where they can get it at all times—and without it they will die. Our poultryman says my ducks at 10 weeks' old are the finest that come to market.—Mrs. T., Reading, Mich.

I would be glad to help Mrs. M., Leland, Ore., save her ducks, as I am experimenting in the same line. I have a poultry book that tells me sore eyes is a new disease among ducklings. Keep a vessel filled with water deep enough for the ducks to get their heads under and you will have no trouble from sore eyes. Give it to them as soon as taken out of the nest.—Mrs. M., Rupert, W. Va.

PROTECT MEADOW-LARKS

One writer on fruit topics says to kill the meadow-larks which live in or near the orchard. This is extremely poor advice. Authorities tell us that the meadow lark feeds almost entirely upon insects and does not bother fruit in any way. Over three-fourths of its food consists of insects captured in the fields. About 12 per cent of the remainder is weed seeds and a small amount of grain gleaned during the winter from waste grain scattered in the fields. During the summer its diet is made up almost exclusively of insects. Insects are preferred to other food and are always eaten when they may be obtained. During the winter months many dormant insects are found and consumed in places where the meadow lark winters. Among the destructive insects upon which it feeds are grasshoppers, crickets, moths, butterflies, weevils, curculios, billbugs, leafbeetles, click beetles, chinch bugs and plant lice. Many larval insects, as wire worms, cutworms and army worms are consumed also. They destroy the seed of pigeon grass, panicgrass, smartweed, ragweed, mustard and other weeds. The meadow lark is one of the most valuable birds to the farmer and should never be shot or disturbed in its nesting—Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

CURING SCALY LEGS

W. R. Gilbert, the well known Canadian authority on poultry, says that scaly leg is very contagious. The first sign is a white, powdery appearance around and below the hock joints. If the fowls' legs are dipped in petroleum twice a year, commencing when they are about 6 months old, there will soon be none on the place. The petroleum may also be applied with a rag, but care should be taken to dress well above the hock joint right into the feather. The perches should also be wiped with petroleum occasionally. Sulphur ointment and many such dressings will cure and prevent. Prossor Gilbert advises: "For a bad old standing case I prefer this: Soak the legs in water as warm as the hand can bear for ten minutes, then pare off. Dress well with per cent carbolic oil and wrap the legs up in calico bandages, leaving them on for a few days. This will cure, but the leg color once lost never comes back. It is difficult to prove what the loss by scaly leg is, but I believe that fowls when badly infested will lay twenty eggs a year less on the same food."

PREPARING ALFALFA SOIL

The main points in preparing a seed bed for alfalfa should be to destroy the weeds, conserve soil mixture, preparing available plant food and secure a well pulverized but firm, well settled soil. This will require quite early plowing and frequent cultivation after plowing until seeding time. Use the disc harrow in part for the early cultivation after plowing. Prefer to use the common harrow or Acme for the later cultivation and do not cultivate too deeply.

I do not advise to sow the seed in July, since the hot, dry weather or heavy beating rains, followed by hot weather, may destroy the young plants. You may have the seed bed ready to sow by the middle of August and sow any time during that month, or even as late as the first week in September, if favorable conditions do not occur earlier.

In a well prepared seed bed ten pounds of good alfalfa seed per acre is enough to sow. We usually seed with the drill at this station, using the grass seeder attachment. Drilling is probably safer than broadcasting. Care should be taken not to cover the seed too deeply. A covering of an inch of mellow soil is sufficient, or if the press drill is used, the seed should have less soil over it. In fact, some prefer to barely press the seed into the soil with the press wheels making a very shallow furrow.

For my part, in a well prepared seed bed I would as soon seed in drills without the press wheels, covering the seed with mellow soil by the use of chains. If the soil is firm and moist beneath the seed, this is an ideal condition for starting alfalfa.—A. M. Ten Eyck.

THE HORSE'S HEAD

A department bulletin says that the head of the horse affords a practical illustration of character, breediness and stamina.

A pretty head—that is, a neat, trim, proportionate head—is essential to the beauty of a horse.

A large, ungainly head detracts from the appearance of the otherwise perfect animal, and tells its story of underbreeding or crossbreeding.

A small head, if not in proportion, is an indication of lack of vigor. In fact, a large head is better than an unduly small one.

Undraft horses large heads in proportion to scale, with broad foreheads and prominent, clear, fearless eyes wide apart, are desirable. The Roman nose, common enough among Clydesdales, is not liked among the light breeds, for, while among the former it is taken to denote a willful but enduring disposition, among the latter it is regarded as a sign of lack of breeding.

Courage and intelligence are denoted by the clear, fearless eye, but the small sunken optic is invariably the accompaniment of a vicious, unreliable disposition.

In conformation the lips should be strong and neatly carried, the nostrils large, dilating and fine, and the ears nicely pointed, not too far apart, and fairly erect, but if anything slightly carried forward.

The front view of the perfect head should show the greatest thickness of the jaws, with the head tapering toward the middle, while the profile should show full between the eyes, and straight from the eyes to the nose.

Undue thickness at the juncture of the head to the neck is a blemish, as a coarse setting results in an awkward carriage.

FIGHT THE WEEDS

The department of agriculture offers these suggestions in combating weeds. The growing of hoed crops, corn, potatoes, cotton, etc., upon the land infested to the greatest extent possible. The growing of clover and alfalfa whenever practical, because these crops occupy the soil well and may be cut several times a year, thus preventing seeding to a great extent. The growing of soiling crops, both because of the fact that they may be cut at almost any time and because of their smothering qualities. Keep the land constantly at work growing some crop. Avoid fallows. When one crop comes off start another immediately, for you may be sure if you don't start one nature will.

SWEET CLOVER

The friends of sweet clover are increasing. Charles E. Bessey, botanist of the University of Nebraska, states that sweet clover is an excellent honey plant, that cattle do not like it green, but that it makes fair hay if cut early, and that it is not troublesome as a weed. H. F. French of the University of Idaho recommends sweet clover for green manure and says it is not difficult to kill out. Dr. J. F. Ritter, of Jackson county, Iowa, says that sweet clover properly handled is equal to alfalfa in every respect, and superior in some. He adds that it grows on any soil, is the best soil improver, and is the only clover which will not bloat cattle. This is due to the medicinal qualities of the bitter principle and the amount of this, he says, varies in different strains and he thinks strains might be developed by breeding which would have only a desirable amount.

Another friend of sweet clover is Prof. John M. Evvard, in charge of animal husbandry at Ames, Iowa, who says: Last year we conducted experiments with three trial plots with hogs as follows: (1) Fed medium red clover and ear corn. (2) Medium red clover, ear corn and meat meal. (3) Sweet clover (white), ear corn, and meat meal the last 60 days only. The deductions from these experiments are that sweet clover is comparable to red clover in feeding valu.

CATCHING CHICKENS

Who has not seen the farmer, his wife, the hired man, and one or more children engaged in the exciting chase for the chicken, which is to be served for the family dinner? All around the yard, over the fence, under the barn, through the garden, until somebody luckily falls upon it. An easier way is to make a long-handled net, using a sound, well-made barrel hoop. An old hammock makes a fine net for this purpose. The net should be about two feet deep. Lay it down, mouth up, put a few grains of corn on top, pretend you are looking the other way, and when a chicken steps on the net to pick up the corn lift it suddenly, tip it slightly to one side, and you have the fowl safe. If you are particularly expert, the net may be dropped down over the bird.—Southern Farm Advocate.

DISEASES OF THE POTATO

Early Blight.—The above named is one of the most important diseases of the potato from an economical standpoint. It is caused by a fungus technically known as macrosporium solani. It appears on plants just before or about the time the tubers and flowers begin to form, or when other conditions occur which lower the vitality of the plant.

The disease is indicated by grayisn-brown spots with faint concentric circles, having the appearance of minute targets, irregularly distributed over the surface of the leaf. These spots gradually become larger, and after 10 days half of the affected leaves may be brown and the other half an unhealthy yellow color. This, of course, causes an early death of the leaf; the stem, however, may remain green.

The crop will be cut short as a result of this disease, destroying the leaf surface, and thus causing the tubers to stop growing. The early death of the leaves is often thought to be the natural ripening of the vines. By spraying, however, the vines may live for several weeks and thus produce a much larger crop.

The best preventative for this disease is to spray the vines thoroughly several times with Bordeaux mixture, containing arsenate of lead, which, being an insecticide, also prevents injury by the common potato bug.

The Dry Rot.—The fungue fusarium oxysporium, which causes the well known dry rot, apparently gains its entrance to the plant through the roots, and then spreads to the stems, and leaves. This disease primarily produces a wilt. It grows, chiefly, in the stems and causes the plant to gradually dry up and die.

The disease is indicated by more or less rolled up, lighter colored leaves. An infected potato that has been dug may appear to be sound. On cutting into it, however, black or brown streaks will be found running through the tubers. Later on the tubers are destroyed at least at one end by a dry rot.

The fungus may remain in the soil for a long time, consequently badly affected land may have to be abandoned for potato growing for several years. Affected tubers should not be used for seed, and a rotation of crops is a practice very essential in the prevention of the dry rot of potatoes.

The Scab.—This disease, which causes so much loss in potato growing sections every year, is caused by a fungus known as oospora scabies. It causes a roughened, scabby surface of the tubers, thus making them unmarketable. Its first appearance is a minute reddish or brownish spot on the surface of the tubers. The fungus lives over in the soil from year to year, and in this way the disease is carried over from one season to the next.

Acid conditions of the soil are favorable for this disease, and, therefore, lime or manure should be used on the crop preceding the potatoes, in order to neutralize this condition. If possible, seed free from this disease should be used; however, if these cannot be secured the seed should be treated with corrosive sublimate, or they should be allowed to soak in a solution of eight ounces of commercial formalin to 15 gallons of water for two hours. Another very important step in the prevention of this disease is the rotation of crops.

Late Blight.—This disease, which attacks the leaves, stems and tubers of the potato, is caused by a fungus named phytophthora infestans. It is first seen during moist weather in summer, when dark colored areas suddenly appear on the leaves. These areas soon become soft and they have a very evil smell.

The late blight sometimes appears so suddenly and spreads so rapidly that a green field will look, after two or three days, as if it had been burnt over. The blighted leaves die and then drop off, leaving only the barren stems. The disease may later attack the tubers, and cause them to be black or browned streak or streaked with both colors, and finally to rot.

The most effective preventative measures for this disease are to spray with Bordeaux mixture, and to avoid planting affected seed. The deferring of the digging as long as possible reduces the loss from this disease to a considerable extent in storage.—Southern Planter.

Wild Strawberries.

London Chronicle.

Strawberries have improved very much in flavor since the fifteenth century. Until then the only strawberries eaten were wild strawberries of a kind which would never find a market nowadays. By 1480, however, they were beginning to be cultivated. for Holinshed records under that date a particularly fine crop grown by the Bishop of Ely in the grounds of his palace, now covered by Hatton Garden.

He quotes the Duke of Gloucester as saying to the bishop, "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden in Holburn. I require you to let us have a mess of them." This speech was copied almost verbatim by Shakespeare in Richard III. Still, even the bishop's fruit would not appeal much to modern connoisseurs, for the garden strawberries at that period were only transplanted wildlings, the plants being sold at about 4d a bushel.

MAPLEINE FLAVORING Use it like lemon and vanilla. A delicious syrup is made by dissolving white sugar in water and adding Mapleine. Grocers sell Mapleine; if not send 35c for 2oz. bottle and recipe book. Write to Dept. S CRESCENT MFG. CO., Seattle, Wash.

FREE CHURN To introduce the CRAL-LENGE CHURN I will give away one free in each locality. Churns 10 gal. capacity. Makes good butter from milk or cream, easy in from 1 to 5 minutes. Write today sure, get one FREE. Mason Mfg. Co., Dept. G, Canton, O.

COTTON LEADS FARM EXPORTS

Exports of farm products will aggregate a billion dollars in the fiscal year which ends with the month of June. The government's fiscal year has for many years ended at the middle of the calendar year, the purpose being to give opportunity to classify and arrange the year's figures in time for consideration by the congress when regular date of meeting is the first Monday in December. Thus the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor presents its detailed yearly report of commerce for the year ending June 30. Figures for 11 of the 12 months of the fiscal year 1911 are now available, and show exports of cotton $574,000,000, foodstuffs $354,000,000, and tobacco $35,000,000, a total for the 11 months ending with May of $963,000,000, making it quite apparent that the sum added for the month of June will bring the total exports of farm products during the fiscal year 1911 above the billion dollar line.

Meat and dairy products also show a marked increase in value of exports for the fiscal year 1911, when compared with the immediately preceding year, being for the 11 months ending with May $135,500,000, against $120,000,000 in the same months of last year, and for the single month of May $10,500,000 against $9,000,000 for the corresponding month of last year. The increase is due in nearly all cases to larger quantities, the prices being in most cases lower than last year.

Other articles showing an increase in value of exports in the fiscal year 1911 over that of the corresponding period of the preceding fiscal year are fruits, $23,000,000 against $17,750,000 year ago; corn, $33,000,000 against $24,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1910, while cotton seed oil, oil cake and meal and flour also show slight advances in the total value of exports when compared with the corresponding period of last year, although wheat shows a marked decline in the nine months ending with May, 1911, being but $21,500,000 in value against $47,333,000 in the corresponding months of 1910.

Antelope Increasing in Idaho.

Idaho Statesman.

T. P. Palmer, assistant chief of the United States biological survey, has written to State Game Warden Rice Gray, asking for estimates as to the amount of antelope and moose in the state. The antelope are on the increase, according to information which has been received at the office of the game warden, particularly in the Mackay district, where they have recently been seen in large numbers.

Despite the protection on moose they are still extremely scarce in this state and are to be found only in the few isolated valleys of Idaho which have not been taken up by ranchmen and where they are being protected by the farmers in the hills near by.

The antelope are increasing fast in the state under protection which is afforded, and it is said they have fared extremely well for the last few years with the wolves and other beasts of prey.

Where Asparagus Grows Wild.

Westminster Gazette.

Asparagus was not introduced into Britain by the Romans, who applied the term asparagus to tender shoots which, according to Juvenal, grew on mountains (Montani asparagi). The plant is certainly native with us and occurs sparsely on the eastern and southern coasts of England at Anglesey and Penbroke in Wales and around Wexford and Waterford in Ireland. It is no longer found on Asparagus Island, near the Lizard, as all text books of English botany assert, but still grows profusely on some neighboring cliffs of Kynance Cove.

Eagle Nest in Western New York.

Rochester Post Express.

An eagle's aerie, with five little eaglets, is on the Davis farm in the town of Somerset, Niagara county, on the shores of Lake Ontario.

For many seasons past two American eagles have made their headquarters at the Davis farm, but never until this season did they nest, and so far as known it is the first time that a nest has been built in Niagara county. The eaglets are carefully guarded by the old birds as well as by the members of the Davis family. Hunters are forbidden by law to shoot the birds.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5504—A Full Length Coat.

The example chosen for our illustration is cut in box fashion and is quite loose in back and front. The closing is low down, at one side of the front and the opening at the neck is trimmed with a very large square sailor collar of most ornamental effect.

Tweed, cheviot, pongee silk and linen are all used for these coats.

The pattern 5504 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4⅞ yards of 50 inch material.

5504

5505—Ladies' One Piece Waist.

The one piece waist can be used for good materials such as linen, satin and the like, and it may also serve as an underwaist worn under transparent outer materials. The pattern of this design is perforated for three different styles of neck finish and it is adjusted by a gore on the under side of the sleeve and along the underarm of the waist. The pattern, 5505, is cut in sizes 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material.

5505

4646—Ladies' Middy Blouse.

The genuine sailor blouse is shown in this illustration. The garment is made long with an ornamental facing. There is also the sailor collar square across the back. Flannel, serge and linen are appropriate materials for this blouse. The pattern, 4646 is cut in sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material with 1 yard of contrasting fabric, 27 inches wide.

4646

5274—Ladies' Kimono.

This comfortable and artistic garment is made with the high waist which is now in vogue and it also has the sameless shoulder. The skirts are comparatively scant. This design is suitable for plain or printed cotton crepe, for sateen, lawn, gingham, cashmere, challis, etc. The pattern, 5274, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 6⅞ yards of 36 inch material.

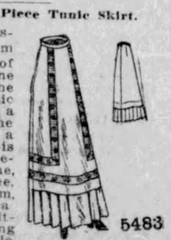
5274

5097—Girls' Yoke Dress.

Most of the yoke dresses of today have either a very tiny yoke or a very large one, but the frock illustrated herewith has a yoke of medium size, leaving a little material at the side, on each shoulder, while the balance of the material is gathered along the lower edge of the yoke and again at the belt. Challis, lawn, gingham, serge, sateen, etc., are all suitable materials for this little frock. The pattern, 5097, is cut in sizes 2 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material.

5097

5483—Three Piece Tunic Skirt.



The skirt illustrated has a seam at the center of the back and one at each side. The upper or tunic portion ends a trifle below the knee and here a pleated flounce is attached. Taffetas, messaline, foulard, pongee, linen, gingham, cheviot, panama etc., are all suitable for making up this style. The pattern, 5483, is cut in sizes 22 to 36 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 4 yards of material 36 inches wide.

5483

5503—Ladies' Dress.

A simple design which is suitable for linen pongee, foulard, gingham and lawn as well as for serge, cheviot and other simple woolen fabrics. The kimono waist has a large collar and the six gore skirt has panel back and front and a front opening. The pattern, 5503, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5⅝ yds. of 36 inch material.

5503

5485—A Twenty-Five Inch Coat.

The model illustrated gives an excellent example of the most fashionable style. French darts shape the front and corresponding seams in the back. The opening of the coat is outlined by a shawl collar of contrasting material. This is a model which will be suitable for serge, cheviot, taffetas, satin, linen or tailor mixtures. The pattern, 5485, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of material 36 inches wide with 1 yard of 24 inch contrasting goods.

5485

5480—Child's Dress.

This little frock is designed to be slipped over the head, the only opening being the short slit down the trimming band in front. The shoulders are seamless and the only seam is along the under side of the sleeve and the underarm. For gingham, linen, galatea, serge, challis and similar materials this will be a very pretty design. The pattern, 5480, is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 2 yards of 27 inch material, with ¾ of a yard the same width of contrasting material to trim as shown.

5480

5329—Ladies' Seven Gore Skirt.

Now that the empire skirt has returned, the model illustrated will be appreciated. It is cut just a little higher than the normal waist line. A skirt of this kind may be made of linen, satin, serge, cheviot, etc. The pattern, 5329, is cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of material 44 inches wide.

5329

5498—A Very Simple Frock.

A very Puritan might have been the designer of this little frock, so simple is it. The waist is plain, with a standing collar, the skirt neatly gathered at all around and the two parts of the dress joined by a belt. This style will look well in good materials such as linen, serge and the like. The pattern, 5498 is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 27 inch material, 2⅞ yards of 36 inch, or 2½ yards of 44 inch.

5498

4554—Ladies' Four Gore Circular Skirt.

As shown in this illustration this four gore skirt has the seams at each side and in the center of front and back arranged to form an under pleat. For a simple walking skirt of linen or other wash material all trimming may be dispensed with. The pattern, 4554, is cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 6¼ yds. of material 44 inches wide, if folds are of the same, and 2¾ yards the same width without the folds.

4554

Farm Gains in Old States

If there is any vitality in the "back-to-the-land" movement, it seems to be manifested in the older states of the North and East, where the cities are large and numerous and the drift of population into the towns has gone farther than it has in the newer parts of the West or in the South. There are noteworthy signs of an agricultural revival in the sections where it is most needed.

The New York Central Railroad Co., for example, has a very busy and efficient "Farm Bureau," which is putting in circulation pamphlets and other documents which would do credit to a railroad in one of the boom sections of the West. They make a forcible appeal for new interest in the possibilities of buying cheap farms in New York, one of the oldest states in the Union, and the most populous of all, and turning them into valuable estates.

There are pictures of fine fields and orchards, cattle and barn, grain and fruits and vegetables, along the lines of the New York Central, and there is an abundance of information about specific cases of handsome profits from skilled and businesslike farming in New York. It is shown that farms in that old state have been transformed in a few years, in the right hands, and that in such cases the pecuniary rewards have been ample.

Side by side with such documents setting forth evidence which seems to prove that New York affords opportunities for general farming equal to those of Illinois or Iowa, and for fruit growing worthy of comparison with the best results attained in Washington or California, other statements are circulated which give details of many farms for sale at low prices in New York. They are in old and well settled districts and most of them are near good markets, but they are run down or neglected, or they are in the possession of incompetent owners, or else they need some investment of capital for drainage or for like improvements.

Railroads in other states as old and well occupied as New York might do the same thing that the New oYrk Central has done. Similar opportunities undoubtedly exist in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania and other states of the populous North where urban development has outrun the growth of agriculture.

It is becoming apparent to fruit growers in the older states that the superior size and beauty of fancy apples and other fruit produced in the distant parts of the West, such as Washington and Oregon, must be attributed largely to the way the trees are cared for and the fruit is sifted out in packing for shipment. Man's work counts as much as special advantages of soil and climate.

It is believed by progressive orchardmen in the East that by thinning out the boughs of fruit trees and letting in plenty of sunlight, and spraying the orchards sufficiently and keeping the ground rich and well cleared of injurious growths of all kinds, fruit of the finest possible quality can be grown in old and populous states, close to the best markets of the country.

As for financial returns from fruit, old states, the income derived by the owners of 6,000 acres of peach trees in Ohio last year is officially placed at $1,000,000, or $167 to the acre. Apple orchards in New York have often yielded $150 or $200 an acre in a year. Potatoes do nearly as well when the crop is big and the price is favorable.

The turn of the tide eastward in agriculture has many striking manifestations. In 1910 New York outstripped Iowa, a much larger state in area, from the first place in the production of hay. The same year Pennsylvania led all other states in rye. New York was first in buckwheat and in potatoes. And the older states have great resources in garden products and numerous small crops.

In New England, where

ave You Hay Fever or Asthma?

e desire to place in the hands of all persons ering from either of these distressing all- s our pamphlets containing hundreds of 500 testimonials received from people who been benefited and cured in the past by the of "Himalya." We have reliable testimony ving permanent relief to persons who have ed for years, after all other remedies and of climate had failed. We do not ask ce of our statements as to the merits to rely on our statements but to read the testimony of Himalya," and suffering who have been cured by its use al sufferers who have been cured by its use copies of which will be gladly sent you on uest. These you can verify to the fullest ction. If it is so desired. Himalya can be ght, if it is not in stock it can be ased from all druggists; if not in stock it be had through their jobber or wholesaler, shall be pleased to send a free trial case of alya by mail to any sufferer of Hay Fever or ma who is a reader of Toledo Blade. Write Himalya Co., 1220 Howard St., Detroit, Mich. sts you nothing to give it a trial.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTS.

PATENTS. "Facts inventors should know before applying for patent." Sent for 2 cent stamp. A. S. PATTISON, F St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED.

EARN automobile business. Home lessons; $25 ly job guaranteed; $10 weekly while learn- Rochester Auto School, 2000, Rochester, N.Y.

per 100 upward made tacking signs, dis- ing advertising matter. No canvassing. 6c stamps secure price list paid and ter- Shepard's Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

HELP WANTED.

ANTED—Railway mail clerks; city carriers; office clerks; government clerks at Washing- D. C. Thousands of appointments coming. rge salary about $1,100. No "layoffs." Short ay, annual vacations. Common education suf- w. Political influence not needed. Send postal diately for list of all positions open. Frank- Institute, Dept. L-32, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

GENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c., Stereoscopes 25c, ws 1c. 30 Days' Credit, Samples and Catalog Free, alifornia Portrait Co., Dept. 453y1027W. Adams St., Chicago

ELLING AGENTS WANTED—BIG LINE AND NEW HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES; ERAL PROFITS. EASTERN SPECIALTY 63 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANTED—Basswood staves. We are ready contract for several thousands cords of bass- ail pail staves to be taken as manufactured. Ohio Pail Co., Middlefield, Ohio.

PERSONAL.

arry Photos, descriptions and P. O. addresses of pretty, rich ladies and gents, want to marry, free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn

ARRIAGE paper mailed free, reliable, best blished. Eastern Agency 69, Bridgeport, Conn.

ANTED Union Soldiers who home- OLDIERS' stranded some land, but less than 160 acres before OMESTEADS June 23, 1874, are en- titled to addi- tional rights even gh entry was relinquished or abandoned. If ier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.
I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims.
Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 obson Bldg., Denver, Colo.

outh American Gains

WHERE Latin-America, so called, is really Indian-America and the white population is small d natural conditions prevent men European blood from doing much rd manual labor, the general state of ings is what Americans consider pical of all that vast part of the w World where the prevailing lan- age is Spanish or Portuguese. The dustries by which the inhabitants e are mainly primitive and backward ere is little popular education. Na- nal finances are in bad condition. evolutions are chronic. Elections are ten farcical and governments are rrupt or inefficient, or both. There are exceptions to these rules, t they are not numerous. An In- an population, tinctured with Latin od and affected by the customs, bits and institutions of Mediterran- n countries, does not work out a tisfactory or creditable form of civ- zation in the American tropics. It es not maintain strong and well de- loped governments. Sanitary condi- ons are bad and society is often and arkedly unwholesome.

It is unfair, of course, to call such tions Latin-American. They are more dian than anything else. Moreover, ey are tropical and they suffer from e typical weaknesses and vices of e tropics. The true test of the Latin ces of Europe, so called because their language not because they are efly or largely of Roman blood, is und in those countries of South erica where the white element in e population greatly predominates d the climate makes ordinary work tural and wholesome for men of ropean origin.

Americans—United States Americans know quite generally now that one untry in the cooler part of South erica, one in which the Indian ment is so small that it can hardly recognized at all, is a marvel of sperity. They understand that Ar- ntina is in the front ranks of hievement, in many ways. It is also rly well known in this country that ile is much more prosperous than e South American states which are inly Indian instead of overwhelm- gly Latin, like that long strip of the stern coast of the continent.

But how many Americans realize that e more South American country, also ite and with hardly any Indian od in its population and like Ar- ntina and Chile temperate rather an tropical, is likewise going ahead a great pace? How often do intelli- nt men in the United States who ad or hear of something happening in uguay think of that little country, ich is nevertheless as big as Hol- nd, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland d Wales all taken together, as a land remarkable industrial and commer- development and great promise? One million people in Uruguay have re than 8,000,000 head of cattle. ey own nearly 25,000,000 sheep or t far from half as many as the 00,000 people of the United States n show. These facts do not mean at the country is devoted altogether flocks and herds. In proportion to e population the wheat crop is as ge as that of the United States. Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, a handsome and progressive city, mewhat more than half as large as eveland or Baltimore, but its build- g operations are on as large a scale either of those American cities. st year over 6,000 permits were is- ed in Montevideo and the aggregate lue of the buildings authorized was re that $15,000,000.

These facts indicate clearly how pros- rous, vital and progressive Uruguay and how different its condition and prospects are from those of the so- lled Latin-American countries which really Indian more than Latin. It one of the most strikingly success- l nations in the white man's world d its future is of great promise.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

LORENZO DOW

Will the bureau please give a short sketch of the life of Lorenzo Dow?—H. L. C., E. Claridon, O.

Lorenzo Dow, the American preacher, was born October 16, 1777, and died February 2, 1834. For 40 years he preached throughout the country. He visited many places in this country and Canada, and in 1799 and again in 1805 he visited England and Ireland, where his peculiar eloquence attracted much attention, besides on several occasions subjecting him to persecution. Because of his eccentricity of manner and dress some of the people were prejudiced against him, and in many parts of the country he was familiarly known as "crazy Dow." But to the class whom he most frequently addressed, his simple fervor, though coupled with illiterate phraseology, supplied the place of eloquence, and he seldom failed of having attentive and even enthusiastic hearers. Dow was a Methodist in religion.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

I would like to have The Blade give in the columns of the Question Bureau a brief biography of Robert M. La Follette.—J. H. M., Limestone, Tenn.

Robert Marion La Follette, the American lawyer and politician, was born June 14, 1855, in Primose, Wisconsin. In 1879 he graduated from the University of Wisconsin, and the next year was admitted to the bar. The same year he became the district attorney of Dane county, retaining that position until 1884, when he took up the regular practice of his profession. He was elected to congress in 1887 and served for four years. While holding such office he made a reputation as an orator, and as a member of the committee of ways and means took a prominent part in the framing of the McKinley tariff bill. At the close of his service in congress he resumed his practice and remained active in politics, becoming one of the leaders of the younger men in the Republican party. In 1900 La Follette was elected the governor of his state and served for two terms, after which he was made a United States senator, which position he now holds.

SUPREME COURT JUSTICES

I would like to have you give the names of the associate justices of the United States supreme court.—A. B. H., Big Clifty, Ky.

The associate justices are John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, appointed in 1877; Joseph McKenna, of California, appointed in 1898; Oliver W. Holmes, of Massachusetts, appointed in 1902; William R. Day, of Ohio, appointed in 1903; Horace Lurton, of Tennessee, appointed in 1909; Joseph R. Lamar, of Georgia; Willis Van Devanter, of Wyoming; Charles Hughes, of New York, all appointed in 1910.

GEORGE DEWEY

Please give a short biography of George Dewey in the columns of the Question Bureau.—E. H. F., Carter, Pa.

George Dewey, the American naval officer, was born in 1837, at Montpelier, Vermont. In 1858 he graduated from the naval academy at Annapolis, and served with distinction on the steamer Mississippi at the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip and the capture of New Orleans in 1862. The following year he was again on the Mississippi when she was lost at Port Hudson, 1863, and on the Colorado at Fort Fisher, 1864-1865. On August 1, 1889, he was made chief of bureau of equipment with the rank of commodore. In January, 1898, Dewey took command of the Pacific squadron, and on May 1 destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila bay, without himself losing a ship or a man. He also captured Cavite, and later, in conjunction with General Merritt, took Manila itself. The same year Dewey was made a rear admiral, and the following year admiral.

LEAP YEAR

I wish that you would tell me what is meant by leap year.—W. R. B., Baileyton, Tenn.

In the year 46 B. C. Julius Caesar introduced what is known as the Julian calendar, in which the length of the solar year was fixed at 365 days, to which was added every four years a day called bissextile. Then Gregory XIII. inaugurated another reform, which went into operation in October, 1582. The loss of time of 11 minutes per year in the Julian calendar had amounted in 1582 to 10 whole days. In order to prevent a recurrence of this error, it was ordered that every year ending a century should not be counted as a leap year, excepting the 400th, and the multiple of 400. Thus 1200 and 1600 were leap years, 1809 was not nor was 1900; 2000 as being a multiple of 400 will be a leap year, as well as every 400th year afterwards, in addition to every fourth year when it does not end a century.

NEW MEXICO

Please tell something of the climate of New Mexico?—E. L. K., West Baden, Ind.

The agricultural products of New Mexico are corn, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, forage, beans, peas, onions and orchard fruits. The climate of New Mexico is very dry and healthful. The greatest rainfall occurs between May and August, the least between February and April. The prevailing winds are southwest, west, southeast and east. The summer temperature is sometimes high, especially in the southern part. Owing to dryness of the atmosphere the heat is never oppressive and the nights are always cool.

DE FOREST RICHARDS

Will you give a sketch of the life of ex-Governor Richards, of Wyoming?—J. D. S., Lanesboro, Pa.

De Forest Richards, the fifth governor of Wyoming, was born August 6, 1846, and died in 1903. Richards spent his boyhood in New Hampshire, attending the Kimball Union Academy at Meriden, and spending one year at Phillips Andover Academy. In 1865 he went to Alabama where he engaged in cotton growing. Two years later he became a member of the state legislature, was sheriff of Wilcox county from 1868 to 1871, and treasurer of the same county from 1872 to 1876. Richards was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Camden, Alabama, until 1885, when he went to Chadron, Nebraska, and was elected county treasurer of Dawes county in the same year. He organized the First National bank in that town, and in 1886 went to Douglas, Wyoming and organized the First National bank there. He was also engaged in merchandising and in sheep raising. In 1890 he was a member of the Wyoming constitutional convention, and was elected state senator three years later. In 1898 he was elected governor of Wyoming on the Republican ticket.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS

I would like to know how many members there are of each of the principal religious denominations.—I. C. D., Hartville, Va.

Of the English-speaking religious communities of the world there are 29,200,000 Episcopalians, 18,650,000 Methodists of all descriptions, 15,500,000 Roman Catholics, 12,250,000 Presbyterians of all descriptions, 9,230,000 Baptists of all descriptons, 6,150,000 Congregationalists of all descriptions, 5,250,000 Free Thinkers, 2,800,000 Lutherans, 2,600,000 Unitarians, 5,500,000 belonging to minor sects and 17,000,000 of no particular religion.

GERRYMANDER

Will you please give the origin of the term gerrymander in the columns of the Queston Bureau?—T. R. S., Hammack, W. Va.

When Elbridge Gerry was elected Democratic governor of Massachusetts in 1811, the fight was such a bitter one that the Democrats eagerly desired to keep the power gained with such difficulty. To do this, they rearranged the senatorial districts of the state, dividing them arbitrarily and solely for political uses without heeding in any manner necessities and comfort of residents. The signature of Governor Gerry legalized the matter. Naturally, this high-handed proceeding was bitterly opposed by the opposing Federal action. Amongst others, the veteran editor of the Boston Centinel (then spelled with a "C") who had fought it vigorously, hung in his office a map of Essex county marking in color the political arrangement of towns. Gilbert Stuart, the eminent painter, happening to examine the queerly-marked map, observed that the consequence of towns formed a sort of monster in outline, and with a few strokes of his pencil he outlined the repulsive design. "There," he said, "that will do for a salamander." "Salamander!" said Russell, bitterly, "Call it Gerrymander." And the term ever since has been used to designate the partisan formation of congressional districts.

DIVORCE LAWS

Please give the divorce law of South Dakota. How long must one live in Nevada in order to obtain a divorce?—J. S., Farmer City, Ill.

Six months' residence is required in Nevada before one can secure a divorce. In South Dakota one year's residence is required. The causes for absolute divorce in the latter state are cruelty, desertion one year, neglect one year, habitual drunkenness one year and felony. The marriage may be annulled for the following causes existing at the time of the marriage: Want of age, former existing marriage, insanity, physical incapacity, force or fraud inducing marriage.

HAROLD M'GRATH

Please give a short sketch of the life of Harold McGrath.—E. J., Lagrange, Ind.

Harold McGrath, the author, was born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 4, 1871. He received his education in the same town. McGrath has been engaged in journalism since 1890. Some of the books he has written are Arms and the Woman, The Puppet Crown, The Gray Cloak, The Man on the Box, The Princess Elopes, Enchantment, Hearts and Masks, Half a Rogue, The Watteau Shepherdess, The Best Man, The Enchanted Hat, and The Lure of the Mask.

TO MAKE A HECTOGRAPH

I wish the Question Bureau would please tell me how to make a hectograph.—W. D., Imlay City, Mich.

Soak an ounce of gelatine over night in enough cold water to cover it well, and see that the gelatine is all swelled. Dissolve two ounces common salt in one pint of water. Heat six or seven ounces of pure gelatine over this salt-water bath to a temperature of 200 degrees F. Pour off from the gelatine all the water remaining unabsorbed, and add the gelatine to the hot glycerine. Continue the heating for about an hour, stirring it so as to avoid the formation of bubbles or froth. Add 20 drops of oil of cloves to prevent decomposition. The composition should now be poured into the vessel in which it is to be used. A shallow cake tin may be taken for this purpose. When it is filled with the composition it must be placed in a level position in a cool place, free from dust, and left there for five hours. Before using pass a wet sponge over the face of the gelatine, and allow it to nearly dry before taking the first copy. Use a new steel hectograph pen in making the writing or drawing to be copied. After the writing becomes dry place it face down on the pad and rub gently on the back to insure perfect contact of every part. Leave it on the pad for about a minute, and remove it carefully, taking hold of one corner of the paper and pulling it off slowly. You can then proceed to take copies by placing the papers on the pad one at a time. After securing the desired number of copies wash the pad lightly with a sponge wet with cold water and let it dry before using again.

ILLINOIS STATE OFFICERS

Please give the names of the executive officers of the state of Illinois.—C. G., Birds, Ill.

The following are the state officers of Illinois: Governor, Charles S. Deneen; lieutenant-governor, John G. Oglesby; secretary of state, James A. Rose; treasurer, Edward E. Mitchell; auditor, J. S. McCullough; attorney-general, W. H. Stead; adjutant-general, Frank S. Dickson, and superintendent of public instruction, Francis G. Blair. They are all Republicans.

INHERITANCE TAX

I would like to have you give in the columns of the Question Bureau a description of the inheritance tax.—E. A. D., Columbus, O.

An inheritance tax is an assessment laid upon the male heirs of property, either by distribution or descent. Sometimes this assessment is confined to collateral heirs, when it is called collateral inheritance tax. The raising of public funds in this way has been sanctioned by legislation from the beginning of Roman law, and in England and in other countries is a large and steady source of revenue, although such taxes have been stigmatized by certain economists as "death duties." During the civil war taxes of this kind were made part of the internal revenue system of the United States, but abolished soon after the struggle ended. The rate and method of assessment vary in different countries and in different states of the Union. The English inheritance tax ranges from a 1 to 10 per cent assessment, in accordance with the amount of the inheritance and the degree of relationship of heirs. In the United States lineal collateral and succession inheritance taxes have been instituted in several states as a source of domestic revenue. In Connecticut the assessment on inherited property is 5 per cent on all sums and values above $1,000. In Delaware the assessment ranges from 1 to 5 per cent, according to the amount of property left and the degree of relationship. In Illinois 1 per cent on values over 20,000 to lineal descendants; 2 per cent to 5 per cent on all amounts to collateral relations. In Maryland 2½ per cent on all legacies and successions. In New York 1 per cent on all property over the amount of $10,000 to lineal heirs, 5 per cent on all amounts over $500 to collateral relatives. In Ohio, 5 per cent on all values over $500. In Virginia 5 per cent in every case. Several states leave untaxed the property descending or distributed to the lineal descendants and place assessments of vary ing percentage on the amount or value of the legacy which falls to the collateral heirs. These are California, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, Tennessee and West Virginia. Inheritance laws have in the United States occasioned much discussion and litigation, but their justice and utility have been testified to by experience and the decision of the law courts. The leading economists of the present and other periods have seen the scientific propriety, even necessity, of such legal provisions, and have noted the uniformity with which they deal with all classes of the financial community.

UNCLE SAM

Will the Question Bureau please give the origin of the term Uncle Sam?—M. V. L., Napa City, Cal.

Uncle Sam originated from the letters U. S. stamped on government property. Immediately after the declaration of war with England in 1812, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, where he purchased a large quantity of provisions. The inspectors of the articles at that place where Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (universally known as Uncle Sam) generally superintended in person a large number of workment, who on this occasion were engaged in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor. The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." Their inspection fell to the lot of a facetious fellow, who, on being asked the meaning of the mark, said he did not know unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam, alluding to Uncle Sam Wilson. The joke took among the workmen and in the army, and Uncle Sam, when present, was often rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possession. He died in Troy in 1853, at the age of 88 years.

FRANCES WILLARD

I wish you would give a sketch of the life of Francis Willard.—G. P., Wellsboro, Pa.

Frances Elizabeth Willard, the American educator and temperance reformer, was born September 28, 1839, and died February 18, 1898. She graduated from a girls' college in Illinois, and in 1859 engaged in teaching. She was appointed professor of esthetics in the Northwestern university 10 years later, and became dean of the Woman's college of that institution in 1871. Later she resigned this position and was elected secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. In 1879 she became its president, an office she held until her death. She had great executive ability and a remarkable genius for organization in the management of the Union. In 1883 she founded the World's Christian Temperance Union, and in 1888 became its president. Miss Willard was an advocate of woman suffrage and gave several lectures on the subject. In 1892 she visited England, where she continued her work. Miss Willard also had considerable literary ability and many of her writings are well known.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. E. J., McLeansboro, Ill.—Your questions have been answered many times in these columns.

A. S., Birds, Ill.—A list of the cabinet officers was published in the paper of May 25, 1911.

R. M., Seneca, S. D.—An answer to your question would take too much space.

L. W., Brush, Colo.—Write to the publishing house for a copy of the book you mention.

J. R. H., Wolf Creek, N. C.—The meaning of the term "Erin go bragh" is "Ireland forever."

J. H. B., Rehoboth, N. M.—We can give you no biography of Dr. W. A. Ward.

O. W. Y., East Liverpool, O.—Jeffries knocked out Fitzsimmons when he won the championship.

The Spider and the Fly.

(Modernized.)

"Will you come into my parlor?"
Said the spider to the fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.
The way up into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things
To show you while we're there."
"I might as well," replied the fly,
"Although I know your plot;
I'd as soon be spider bitten
As the victim of a swat."

—Fort Worth Record.

A Savings Bank Library.

London Standard.

The following scheme is about to be set on foot in Brussels for the diffusion of enlightening literature. A central library consisting at the out set of 10,000 choice volumes is to be created there, and any inhabitant of any part of Belgium owning a savings bank book will be entitled to borrow from it and receive by post any book for a period of a fortnight on checking a penny off his savings bank book at the postoffice, his money at the bank serving as a guarantee for payment for books not returned.

As there are about 1,500 postoffices in Belgium, this will amount to the creation of a circulating library with 1,500 branches, whose risks will be more than covered by the deposits in the savings banks.

Cheerful Giving.

Metropolitan Magazine.

Father wanted to test the generous nature of his son, so as the boy was going to church one morning, he said: "Here Benny, are a quarter and a penny. You may put whichever you please in the contribution box."

When he returned, his father asked which cion he had given. Benny replied: "Well, papa, it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a penny a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the penny in."

The Conversion of Fishkin

By CALVIN GOODRICH

FISHKIN ran a neat little evening paper in a neat little western county and what he said went. In his way he was king. He bossed the road making, the culvert building, the bridge contract letting, the great annual clean-up, the warfare on unseemly posters, the regular, everyday fault finding with the train service and the periodical crusade against the corner loafers. Fishkin didn't try to cover the world in his newspaper. But he did manage to mention the name of every voter and his wife thereabouts, at least once in three months and in such a way that the voter thought considerable of himself and his wife believed Fishkin was just too fine a gentleman for anything.

The county lay on the border of the Dry Wind belt. It had never known a crop failure, but it had experienced the uneasiness that comes from having neighbors in trouble. So when the great Populist movement—starting with a quarrel with the elements and a grievance against providence—came along, the county felt the stirring and milling and was inclined to join in the demand for a change of government. It was harder for this county than for others to the westward to tell why it was discontented. All it was certain of was that its politics felt like an undigested meal of pancakes and no matter what the next layout would be it was bound to be an improvement.

Fishkin, however, had nothing to say about the matter. He printed the political news, but forebore comment. He merely pursed his lips or drew his breath thoughtfully through his teeth when fellow citizens tried to dig an expression of opinion out of him. He "allowed" there was something in these complaints. He was willing to admit something ought to be done. But he said he needed time to "study things over" and so far he hadn't had time to go into the matter. Anyway, this was the time to subscribe. If you were already a subscriber, better have copies sent to the married daughter in Nebraska.

You can't argue with a country editor.

The Populist cloud grew larger and larger. It developed deep shadows and threatened almost any moment to hail and thunder and lightning and lay waste all that part of the land which had been slow to see the true light. Fishkin irritated the local organizers. They knew they couldn't do without him. They needed him fearfully and though they hinted at the promotion of a rival paper which would have a backbone where Fishkin possessed a strip of wet toast, there was no heart in the talk. It was Fishkin they wanted. No competitor could take his place. Finally the county convention came along. After that, Fishkin could no longer slink and dodge. He would have to declare himself. So the organizers went down to the state capital and they got the whirlwind orator of the cause to come up. He was an orator all right. Eloquence not merely flowed from him. It oozed from his person, betrayed itself in the hair rolling over the back of his collar, the set of the frock coat, the poetic, protruding cuffs. When he rose to speak he began slowly, hesitatingly. In three minutes he was running like a brook. In ten he was a river in flood. His peroration was the deafening, devastating, thunder of Niagara.

Fishkin went to the convention with his copy paper and his pocketful of pencils. He took notes conscientiously, showing no whit of personal approval or disapproval, religiously putting down the "hons" and never forgetting to record the making of a motion on the part of a "prominent resident of Cordwood Twp." The proceedings of the convention sped swimmingly and with the usual rising fragrance of chewing tobacco that political conventions have. Then Fred Small, the great spellbinder, delivered his congratulations and made his predictions. Fishkin ceased taking notes. He wriggled around in his seat. He joined in the applause, cautiously at first, then with enthusiasm. He repeated some of the choicest bits of rhetoric with appreciation. He nudged the man next him. "A wonder, ain't he?" he said. The remark traveled from seat to seat throughout the hall and the local Populists whispered "we got him! we got him!"

Mr. Small swung into his finish. He had been carefully coached.

"I tell you," he shouted, "this is no time for vacillating men. This is the crucial hour. This is the period for men with stuff and ginger and fire in them to take up the arms of right-eousness as did their ancestors at Concord. They must decide whether the people shall be their people, whether the people's God shall be their God."

The speaker had picked up a gavel and as he delivered his last sentence he brought it down with a whack on the rostrum. The hammer parted from the handle. It flew off at a wide tangent. It struck Fishkin one inch and a half below the breast bone just as he was rising to yelp his heartiest acquiescence and give unmistakable sign of his allegiance to Populism.

They carried Fishkin out into the court house yard. They brought him water and one or two intimates helped him to the office. The convention closed at noon. At 4 o'clock the paper was issued.

It declared for unabated loyalty to the old party.

The Speech That Made Proctor Knott's Fame

PROCTOR KNOTT, who died the other day, was famous for one speech. He got time for it by telling the house that if he were standing on the brink of perdition with the sands crumbling under him they would not give him time to say the Lord's Prayers. He told them and he thought at that time, that it was to be his last, as it was practically his first speech in congress. The house had under consideration a bill to extend the time to construct a railroad from the St. Croix river to the west end of Lake Superior. Little was known then of Duluth.

Knott started out in serious vein to talk about "betraying a sacred trust" and said that the project would be of pecuniary advantage to his friends, but would be of no advantage to the country as a whole. But the humor of taking the opening up of this then so remote country with seriousness finally overcame him and he started out:

"Now, sir, who, after listening to this emphatic and unequivocal testimony of these intelligent, competent and ablebodied witnesses (laughter), who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself will doubt for a moment that the Goshen of America is to be found in the sandy valleys and upon the pine-clad hills of the St. Croix? (Laughter.) Who will have the hardihood to rise in his seat on this floor and assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper. (Great laughter.) Wehre is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad connection with such an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? (Laughter.) Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and warlike people, in possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their government?

"How long before tehe grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, gnash loud his iron fangs and shake his crest of bristling bayonets?

"Then, sir, think of the long and painful process of reconstruction that must follow with its concomitant amendments to the constitution: the 17th, 18th and 19th articles. The 16th, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are, day after day, beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cocktails, ride astraddle, and do everything else the men do.

"I was utterly ta a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of Duluth. Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years as the hart panteth for the waterbrooks. But where was Duluth?

"Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profound humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair'like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

"Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things, that the symmetry and the perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it, that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into their original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that wherever it was it was a great and glorious place.

"I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away with out a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of Duluth.

"I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand, if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep ears of bitter anguish, that instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, 'Where is Duluth?' . . . . .

"If gentlemen will examine it (a map) they will find Duluth not only in the center of map, but represented in the center of a series of concentric circles 100 miles apart, and some of them as much as 4,000 miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit south and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North.

"How these circles were produced is perhaps one of the primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. But the fact is, sir that Duluth is pre-eminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be that it is so exactly in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it. . . .

"And, sir, recurring to this map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans (Indians), 'vast herds of buffalo' and 'immense fields of rich wheat lands.' . . . The idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of a wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous. . . .

"The phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and ploughed it in with buffalo bulls. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world."

It has been remarked by those who followed J. Proctor Knott's later efforts that he never delivered a subsequent speech anything like the famous one with Duluth as his subject. There were, indeed, those who believed that Knott never wrote the speech and that it was written by Col. Pat Donan.

That Spring Delusion.

Bring out the lid of yesteryear,
The skypiece of a bygone spring—
The summer time will soon be here;
And also don't forget to bring
A toothbrush and a cake of soap,
Some pumice, sulphur, lemon juice;
With these and other kinds of dope
We'll make that straw hat still of use.

Now wet the lid. Yes, that's the way.
Now soap and brush and hold it—so.
The while I scrub and brush it. Say,
I think this thing will be a go!
It's almost white where I have rubbed—
Now look at it! Why, that's immense!
See how it shines where it's been scrubbed!
This job will save me 50 cents.

Hold on! Don't squeeze it that way! Gee!
Don't you know how straw hats are built?
Look out! Aw, don't tell that to me—
You've squeezed it till you've made it wilt!
It's just a pulpy mass of straw—
I'll hit you if you dare to smile—
A soapy, sticky wreck—oh, pshaw!
I'll wear my derby yet a while.

—Chicago News.

Water at Meals.

Dr. G. M. Niles in the Journal of the American Medical Association.

There is a widespread idea that the habit of imbibing water or any other fluid as food is harmful. I believe it to be based on erroneous physiologic conclusions and promulgated more by tradition than by painstaking observation, although copious draughts of ice water, gulped down during fatigue or profuse perspiration are both unhygienic and dangerous. I enlisted the aid of 16 young men of good physique and good digestion, each one accustomed to drinking one or two glasses of water with his meals. Eight of these young men were instructed to drink no water with meals and only what was demanded to satisfy thirst between meals for a week. The other eight were instructed to drink four glasses of water with each meal and between meals to drink it as was desired. Of the eight who drank no water all lost in weight from eight ounces to two pounds, with one exception, and he remained at exactly the same weight as before. Each one complained of headache and more or less constipation. The eight who drank four glasses of water at each meal fared much better. All gained in weight from four ounces to two and one-quarter pounds, except one, whose weight remained the same. Not one had headache, constipation or any digestive discomfort.

New Use for Sugar Beets.

Baker's Weekly.

An entire new use and one that may in time become very important, has been discovered for sugar beets. This is the making of them into flour. This flour is now being manufactured in considerable quantities at Suresnes, in France, where an immense dryer has been built for that purpose.

The first part of the process consists in chopping up the beets and drying the water out of them. They contain to start with 72 per cent of water, nearly all of which is removed by evaporation. By this means 100 pounds of dry material is obtained from 357 pounds of beets.

This dry material contains more than 70 per cent of sugar and therefore on being ground to a fine meal is exceedingly sweet and adapted to the making of cakes and puddings. The sugar beet flour is estimated to contain something like 82 per cent of pure nutriment.

Wiping Out a Hawk Family.

Hagerstown Corr. Indianapolis News.

Climbing a large hickory tree to the height of 80 feet, Raymond Knapp destroyed a hawk's nest and killed three young hawks which it contained.

Fifteen years ago a pair of unusually large chicken hawks built their nests in this tree on the farm of John Holler. Seven years ago the male bird was captured. The next season the mother bird returned with a new mate and each season since they have returned to the nest in this tree.

Mr. Holler and other farmers in the neighborhood lost hundreds of chickens through the depredations of the old birds, but every effort by the farmers to capture them failed.

Knapp watched for some time for a chance to shoot the parent birds, and failing in this he determined to destroy the nest and the young. The nest was four feet across from the outer edge and the walls were 12 inches in thickness and firmly built. The birds, which were not able to fly, measured 23 inches from tip to tip of their wings.

A Kentucky Jail Delivery.

The Grayson county jail is empty. Four prisoners charged with minor offenses escaped. One of them, a negro, left the following note:

"Dear Mr. Jailer Man—I hate to leave you, but I have no money nor friends here but you and it is so long until next court. I am going with the other fellows. I will be back next September. Don't be uneasy."

Worrying Happiness.

London Daily Mail.

The bishop of Manchester, speaking last night at a meeting at Church House, Westminster, said the secret of happiness was to have a sufficient multitude of worries.

The man who had only one worry, a blind that would not be pulled up straight by the servant, or a coal scuttle the bottom of which was always coming out, found his way to the lunatic asylum. But the man who had no time to dwell upon his worries because he had to go from one to another and back again and round and round like a squirrel in a cage, could be a perfectly happy man.

The Four Winds.

Wind of the north,
Wind of the northland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies and sharp, clear stars—
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystral films,
And blur the casement squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the west,
Wind of the few, far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson sunset lands—
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the east,
Wind of the sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains—
Blow moist and chill across the waves of brine,
And shut the sun out and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet wind!
Wind of the fragrant south,
Wind from the bower of jasmine and of rose—
Over magnolia blooms and lilied lakes,
And flowering forests, come with dewy wings,
And stir the portals at her feet and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

—Charles Henry Luders.

His Work.

Washington Post.

General Horatio C. King, secretary of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, was narrating at a dinner in Brooklyn his memories of the civil war.

"We suffered many hardships on both sides," said General King; "but the poor brave Confederate suffered most.

"I remember a grizzled old colored man, who, at the outbreak of the Spanish war, applied for a place as an army cook.

"'What experience have you had?' the old fellow was asked.

"'I was a cook, sah, fo' a Confederate regiment in sixty-fo',' he answered. 'That is, sah, I had the position of cook, but, to tell the truth, I didn't work at it.'

"'Why not?'

"'There wasn't nothin' to cook, sah.'"

The Balance.

Two broken down paupers met in the poorhouse yard, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It was evident to each that the other had seen better days; each could see in the other's face the sign that a noble and ingenious mind had succumbed to the blows of an adverse fortune.

"Friend, what has reduced you to this sad condition?" the first as

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1911.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Sancho Panza

Don Quixote's faithful squire, Sancho Panza, uttered at least one never-dying sentiment — "Blessed is the man who invented sleep!" Sleep is essential to life. We could not live without it. But there is a time to sleep and a time to remain awake. If you go to sleep before reading Blade advertisements wake up before it is too late. Do not let them get by without receiving your attention. They are printed for you to read.

One way to keep time from flying is to watch the clock.

If a girl has pretty teeth she can appreciate a good joke.

Many a good memory has been lost on the witness stand.

One way to tell a woman's age is to read it on her tombstone.

We are commanded to love our neighbor. Don't wait to be coaxed.

It seems to be every artist's ambition to go to Holland and paint a windmill.

United States senators have the mistaken notion that they are paid a salary for talking.

An Akron baby was born in a flying automobile. The aeroplane has something to live for.

Our idea of a patient boy is one who can wait until apples are ripe before he eats them.

Marie Corelli says England "is loyal to the backbone." What's the matter with spare ribs—in season?

The housewife who can keep sweet through the canning season has earned a hereafter with the angels.

A California man, saved from drowning, gave a dime to his rescuer. It was a good dime, however.

Soft drinks may be injurious in certain ways, but they don't put their victims to bed with their boots on.

Youth wins again. A New York woman was courted by two brothers aged 76 and 83. She accepted 76.

Just to show that he is human Champ Clark says he will accept a presidential nomination if it is offered.

Dr. Cook now believes that he found the Pole. Evidently he has discovered that there is no money in being in doubt.

John Hays Hammond's conduct at the coronation was graceful and dignified. He didn't let the peas roll off his knife.

In her application for divorce a western woman named 107 affinities. Evidently she waited until the returns were all in.

A New York boy who walked away from home eight years ago to seek his fortune has spoiled a good story by walking back.

It is said that flies do not like blue paint. Perhaps you have noticed that they always seem to have a preference for white walls.

Maybe there would be more babies in the world if they could be canned, like cherries, and kept on the pantry shelf for the neighbors to look at.

Lillian Russell says: "It is better to be good than beautiful, but it is best to be both." Perhaps she is right, but many of us find it difficult to be good.

A clergyman declares that no minister can marry on less than $1,200 a year. But they marry many other people whose prospects are not near so bright.

The engineer who is raising the Maine says the cause of the explosion will never be known. That will entitle everybody to his own opinion—a happy situation.

Champ Clark wants the presidency to seek the man, but he would be pleased to have it familiarize itself with the geography of Missouri before it begins the search.

A New York woman says she hangs her head in shame because America is not producing more great poets. Poets are born, but we can't expect them at the rate of one a minute.

A Massachusetts man reports having hatched eight eggs from a dozen cold storage eggs. Poor story. An original liar, like the Winsted genius, would have had the chicks wearing earmuffs and mittens.

"Makes us laugh," says the Farm Journal, "when the old rooster finds a worm and cackles over it until he gets all the hens around him and then gobbles the worm up himself." 'Tis funny—so like human nature.

AFTER THE WINDJAMMERS.

Reform comes out of Kansas as naturally as the seventeen-year locusts. The state is the incubator of ideas and the brooder of movements. When the hot winds come sweeping out of the Oklahoma Panhandle, agitation mounts upon their wings. From the tumbling hill country along the Missouri to the flat slant toward the Rockies, political propaganda is the favorite food of the natives and a nourishment forced upon the stranger. It is as relished by the one as it is a thing unavoidable to the other.

A new uplift campaign has been launched in Kansas—one, we feel, that is destined to go far. It calls for the regulation of public speaking. It purposes putting air brakes on oratory. It would bring peace and quiet where the moist trades of eloquence blew unimpeded. We are to imagine the dull and witless speaker, in the act of jamming the air of the convention hall, suddenly whisked out of sight by means of a smooth running mechanical equipment and, as the applause dies down, the chairman rising imperturably to introduce the next spellbinder. Each brass throated patriot is to be listed and licensed and the time allowed him for public speaking exactly set down to the second in accordance with his known intelligence and capacity for maintaining interest. It has been suggested that the state board of health take over this new office. The recommendation is a reasonable one. It is about time that sanitary science was given authority to appear at public meetings.

After so many years of practice, Kansas is peculiarly fitted for designing a reform which would better the world and multiply the opportunities for happiness. There is certainly merit in this latest project. We know no place where it should be welcomed more heartily than in Ohio. At the proper time we trust the attention of the constitutional convention will be called to it.

WHERE THE EGGS CAME FROM.

The chicken ranch is a common enough enterprise in the vicinity of any large community. Despite the innumerable failures, there are men who have made fortunes, or excellent livelihoods, by devoting themselves to a business full of hazards. Chicken fanciers are legion. They are everywhere and each swells the accounts of the billion dollar egg and poultry industry.

Yet the tabulations so far made by the census bureau show that it is not the specialists who contribute most to the markets. It is the farmers bothering little about "strains," keeping from a dozen to a hundred or so hens. With them chicken raising and egg producing are a side line. It is often left entirely to the womenfolk and theirs are the returns from sales. But though there seems no organization about the raising of chickens and though the products come from the farm without regularity and system, the trainloads of eggs and chickens which traverse the country have their beginning at the farms. The farmer has been pronounced the natural poultryman. He is not likely to be displaced.

THE WILD ROSE.

When that eccentric naturalist, Constantine Samuel Rafinesque, pronounced the rose, the clover and the oak tree all relatives, Dr. Asa Gray, then a young man, took to his writing table and never rested until he had rended the iconoclast limb from limb. It was a good piece of rending, too, which was disappointing considering that Rafinesque didn't care a whoop about what other men thought.

If upon these June days you should be along one of the sandy roads of the "barrens" and should see a litttle wild rose modestly avoiding the appearance of sponging on the shade of the rough and cross-grained oaks and claiming no kinship with the highly rouged clover in the field beyond, you can understand Dr. Gray's youthful indignation. For it is sufficient that the wild rose be itself. One does not insist upon seeing the blue clay out of which the diamond is dug. The jewel is better when its matrix is absent and unthought of. Retiring, unassertive, as it is, the wild rose has still a fibre and a mind of its own. Years ago a florist went forth into the woods and brought home a bundle of the plants known as the Michigan rose. He cultivated them and experimented with them and, in the fullness of time, put the Queen of the Prairies and the Gem of the Prairies upon the market. Their mother was the Michigan rose. Folk stuck the plants in their dooryards, cared for them kindly for a while and then, some new curiosity catching their eyes, forgot about them. The Queen of the Prairies went back to the form whence it sprung. The Gem of the Prairies was no more. It reverted to the type of its mother.

The botanists nowadays think very much as the gaunt, self-conceited Rafinesque did when he outraged the feelings of a budding scientist. Yet the rest of us need not believe it unless we wish. Why, of all things, should the wild rose, shining happily under the morning dew, need a genealogical tree?

FOOLISH QUESTIONS

The World's Work asks:

What will be Mr. La Follette's attitude in case—it would today seem the likely case—the progressives are not able to prevent Mr. Taft's nomination for a second term?

Will they march out of the convention?
Will they go over to the Democrats?
Will they raise the standard of a new party?

These questions were rather important ones a few months ago. Time has made them insignificant since. If the progressives—of the brand the World's Work has in mind—march out of the convention, where will they go? Surely, not to the Democrats. The Democratic party has proved itself more progressive than the La Follette-Cannon alliance. The new party idea has gone glimmering. To have such an organization, an original set of principles and convictions is a first requisite. Those held by the La Follette clique today came to them from the lumber trust. What the attitude of the senator from Wisconsin is to be in 1912 will be picturesque perhaps, but neither very interesting nor convincing.

Between the close of the extraordinary session of congress and the season of national conventions, the weeds will be hoed out of the progressive cause. The country is fast learning the hollowness of the gentlemen who used the name most, who staked out the first claims to leadership in it. It calls for no prophetic vision to see that those who had decried special interest the loudest and who took to the tall timber when their own special interests were threatened, will soon be most conspicuous by their meekness.

THE MAY FLIES.

The scientist is seldom happy in the names he coins. Patamolithus jacuhyensis and Epiphragmophora suggest a quarrel among Russian nihilists. But the man who wrote Ephemerida had poetry in his soul. He brought sweet sounds together and touched the life history of the May flies, now annoying us, with a pathos which should make us rather pity than curse them.

May flies, June flies, lake flies, carp flies, Canadian soldiers—the Ephemeridae might seem to have local names well proportioned to the number of individuals. There are different species, but only the most expert can tell them apart. Their principal characteristic, as most persons note it, is that of appearing in myriads and then disappearing with surprising suddenness. When the military tournament was on at Bay View park two summers ago and the north wind brought the flies in, a young trooper was asked what he thought of the Canadian soldiers.

"Well," he answered, "they don't go bad in soup and hash, but I must say they spoil the flavor of a cigaret."

But it was of the name we started to talk. It is an offspring from the same word we get our English ephemeral—lasting but a day. From the larva to the climax of life, the May fly is engaged in moulting. Twenty times it is said to break through its skin, the last time often while in the air a full-grown insect. Thenceforth it has but one impulse. For it does not eat. It does not hunt and prowl. Nature commands it only to reproduce and die.

"Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone."

Summer cottagers who live along the St. Lawrence river once petitioned the agricultural department at Washington to study these flies with a view to their extermination. The department called the attention of the complainants to the fact that each female lays from 5,000 to 6,000 eggs, that the larvae and the pupae exist in vast numbers, that the surface of the water was frequently covered with the bodies of the flies which had performed their earthly duties and passed on. In all of these forms they were devoured by fish. Did the cottagers prefer to be relieved of a nuisance seldom lasting more than two or three weeks to having fish to angle for? There were no more appeals to Washington.

So—if you cannot see interest and beauty and wonder in these beings that God made as He made all things—you may give a thought to their usefulness.

PEANUTS FOLLOW COTTON.

Since the invasion of the Mexican boll weevil it has been a great problem among cotton planters in the afflicted districts as to what crops they shall grow instead of that reduced to a gamble. One of the crops has been corn and so successful has been its substitution for cotton that the south counts itself today a great empire of corn. The Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore describes another substitute—peanuts.

In one of the weevil-ravaged districts of Mississippi an experiment was undertaken to test the value of the soil for peanut cultivation. About 1,500 acres were planted at first. The venture proved a success. The peanut grew and thrived and the market accepted the product easily. This season from 100,000 to 150,000 acres, it is estimated, are now given over to peanuts where cotton grew before. The laurels of Virginia are threatened. Mississippi may some day soon boast itself the great peanut state.

BEACHEY'S FLIGHT.

Lincoln Beachey lived up to the reputation for daring he gained in Toledo, and Niagara appears again in the news columns as the place to which men, utterly reckless of life, instinctively turn.

The birdmen say that the currents of the air are the least understandable things in the world. There are hollows, there are sweeping waves torn and twisted. A house standing alone in a plain has been found to upset the even movement of the air hundreds of feet above the surface. Above forests are puzzling currents; above water there are others. The canon of a city street, as everyone knows, has its peculiar system of air movement. So it must be that the conditions of air in the gorge at Niagara are quite beyond estimating from either the surface of the water or from the high banks and bridges.

In this whirlpool of winds Beachey took his chances with death. Considering that the careers of other birdmen have ended suddenly and tragically under circumstances far less dangerous, Lincoln Beachey's may be pronounced the charmed life of aeronautics.

ITS USEFULNESS GONE.

The turkey buzzard is a rare visitor in this latitude. But farther south it is a common resident and because it acts as a scavenger, a few state legislatures have extended it the protection of the law. Its preferences in food are not pleasant even to mention. Of course, no one ever killed a buzzard except out of wantonness or with the idea that it was destructive.

Changed conditions in America have changed the habits of this vulture. At one time it would seem to have had plenty of the food most appealing to its taste. But it is no longer the ordinary practice to drag dead animals into the woods, or cast them into streams. Either use of one kind or another is made of them or else they are buried beyond danger of insulting the air. So the turkey buzzard has had to hustle for another kind of living. Its wits have been sharpened by sheer necessity and it has learned to prey upon chickens and small pigs. Where it was to be tolerated for the service it performed, it is now a nuisance and a pest. Moreover, according to Prof. George W. Say, of St. Mary's school, Raleigh, N. C., the buzzard has been found to be an agent for the spread of hog cholera. He declares that the creature must go.

Another instance that the earth is man's dominion. That which is not useful or is a trouble to him or offends him is granted no recognition of the right to live.

THE MORMON CORPORATION.

Aside from their religion and their ideas as to marriage, the earlier Mormons had many admirable traits. They carried communism to a practical success. They recognized the value of simple living, the inspiration of self-denial and sacrifice. Thrift, industry and reverence according to their light run as strong threads through their history.

The communal interest was at first devoted to the development and enrichment of the church. The tithes went toward the building of temples, the dispatch of missionaries out into the world, the care of the infirm and the aged, the binding together of friend and family and co-religionist. But, as the wealth of the community grew, the cupidity of those in charge of the church treasure grew with it. The organization has become one for the enrichment of the leaders. The church is now but a mighty corporation, governing not only a state with an iron hand, but also influencing national legislation, having a voice in the directorate of the big financial institutions of the country, reaching here and there and always gaining power. The investigations of the sugar trust are only uncovering a fraction of the wide interests of the Mormon church. These go far deeper into the being of the country. Where they are to end would seem to be as problematical as just where the entering wedge was driven.

CHANGING TRAFFIC.

The old canal project to connect the St. Lawrence river with Lake Champlain and thus gain an inland water connection with the lower Hudson river has been revived in Canada. A well financed company has taken up the plans and asked a number of concessions from the parliament at Ottawa. By means of this connection, the commercial products of Quebec and Montreal could be exchanged with those of New York at a minimum cost of transportation.

Long before there existed any practical chance for the reciprocity treaty, it was realized that the trend of traffic would some day shift. In the United States and Canada both, movement of freight has been east and west. The course of commerce was paralleled by the course of settlement and industrial development. The south in the United States, for many years, suffered from neglect. Capital looked westward. It could not see the opportunities below Mason and Dixon's line. Something of the same sort took place in the Dominion. A rich hinterland was surrendered to the lumber men and the fur traders.

The turn is at hand. The American south is coming into its own. The frontier of civilization is stretching farther and farther into the Canadian wilderness. By the time this new international waterway, running almost north and south, is opened, the direction of development may be wholly altered.

BIRDS AND BIRDMEN.

When Glenn Curtiss drove his aeroplane from Cleveland to Cedar Point, one of the interesting things about the exhibition was the flock of gulls which accompanied him. The birds did not, apparently, take the thing for a huge and dangerous beast of prey, but for something exciting to the curiosity and suggesting possibilities in the way of food.

A few weeks ago an aviation meet was held in the state of Washington. It was noted afterwards by the residents thereabouts that the song birds had suddenly departed. They remained away for ten days and then returned in small numbers and timidly, plainly indicating that they had suffered great fright.

To everyone who cares for birds it has been the dread that the aeroplane might prove at once a great source of fear and destruction. Yet if the gulls can come to a swift realization of the fact that the flying machine means no threat to them, then the smaller and weaker birds will surely learn the truth in time.

But there is a real danger to aeronauts among the birds. Down in New Jersey the other day a motorist came into collision with a sparrow. The bird was killed and the motorist so stunned that he lost control of his car and ran smash into a runabout. If such an accident should happen to an aeronaut driving such machines as we have today, his death would almost assuredly follow. Only by the exercise of extraordinary skill and watchfulness do the flyers maintain the stability of their machines. A moment's loss of control would bring them diving to the surface of earth or water, fruit for the grave.

MEDICAL PRACTICE IN SENATE.

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, has no enthusiasm for the reciprocity treaty, being, as he is, ingrained with the spirit of Big Business, but he has an excellent sense of the inevitable. The Root amendment having failed, Mr. Gallinger arose to ask the use of delaying the final vote. It meant but waste of time, of energy, of wear and tear upon temper and—worst of all—the enduring of a summer in Washington, that concentration of unholy heat and humidity.

The average woman—so we're told—discovers relief in weeping. Profanity, upon extreme provocation, serves to unburden a man. American statesmanship is a business of thought. The more statesmanship the more thought. And, as our senators do their thinking aloud, it is a matter of physiological necessity that they get the stuff off their chests. They have to cloud up and thunder and lightning and flood the surroundings from time to time or they suffer. The longer they hold back, the bigger the tide of words, the swifter the rapids, the mightier the torrent, the more impossible to weather the maelstrom. The subject of reciprocity lends itself admirably to this restorative act of regurgitation. There are reservoirs of material stored away in the Congressional Library and the trained senator has but to read a few yards of other folk's speeches and writings to be primed for his own deluge. Each one now but waits the hour when it shall be his turn to open every hydrant, to drench and wilt his fellow senators, to irrigate the nation with verbal cataracts and chopping seas.

The United States senate, despite Mr. Gallinger's longing for opportunity to discard his smothering frock coat, will remain in session until every member feels better.

HOW AN OLD FEAR LINGERS.

If you walk along the towpath of the canal opposite the Roche de Boeuf rapids and note the ground closely you will see mysterious little runways, coming from the far side and going down to the water. Examination will show that grass has been bitten off at the root tops and grass by the side bent over until it forms the top of a miniature tunnel.

These paths are the highways of the meadow mouse and represent the retention of an ancient instinct. When hawks were plentiful and the raven was still common in these parts, it behooved the meadow mouse to devote most of his thoughts to keeping out of sight. There is a little stretch of dune on the north shore of Ottawa county west of the Portage river where the beach grass all seems bent down to provide the tops of mouse tunnels. There must be thousands of the creatures there. The hiding policy is a very excellent one in that spot for nearby is a piece of thick woods inhabited by owls who, as hunters, are as rapacious as the hawks. But in the back country there is scarcely anything except the crows to fear. That the meadow mouse is growing bolder and is multiplying because his enemies are disappearing is profanely attested by the farmer—particularly after he has his corn in shock. For then the meadow mouse moves into autumn quarters which are at once his shelter and his pantry.

Instinct fades slowly. Mr. Darwin drew forth the thunders of the clergy by citing numbers of habits which man inherited from a past the clergy of the time didn't like to admit man ever had. The domestic animals disclose surviving reactions, no longer fitted to their living. The generations of the meadow mouse a thousand years hence may still be building their little tunnels and still puzzling the chance traveler in the countryside.

AN INSTITUTION.

There is very general approval of the petition which the people of Brookline have put up to their selectmen asking that milkmen be required to wear rubber heels and have their wagons fitted with rubber tires. This is the sanest proposition advanced in a long time, and if in addition it had asked that the milkmen wear rubber muzzles it would be complete. At this season the matutinal disturbers of what reporters call the "lacteal fluid" make a provoking racket, with their noisy mouths. They murder sleep more effectively than Macbeth did. Really they should have more consideration for the people along their routes who are disturbed by their needless noise.—Lowell Courier-Citizen.

New England prides itself upon its traditions, loves its legends and hangs like a bulldog to custom. So, naturally, the milkmen of Lowell shout their wares and, doubtless, in other communities ring bells to call the housewives to the front gate. It makes the editor of the Courier-Citizen—jealous of his rest—very hot under the collar and he no more than gets to his desk before he pens a set of anathemas and calls for the book and the candle. But we may be sure that if the city fathers were to undertake the choking of the raucous milkmen, the Courier-Citizen's editor would fight the ordinance tooth and nail and demand to know why ruthless hands are placed upon a beloved and sacred institution, conceived of the Pilgrim fathers and anointed with immortality with the blood shed upon Bunker Hill.

THE ARIZONA CONSTITUTION.

The petitioners for the Arizona constitution base their advocacy upon the proposal to make the recall a vital part of the instrument. There is much to be said for this policy and, in our opinion, many more things to be said against it. Tests made of it so far have not been encouraging and further tests suggested rather indicate a desire to have an unstable Central American form of government than one established and secure.

Yet The Blade is entirely in favor of Arizona gaining the constitution it thinks it desires and needs, for no form of government so far devised has been so nearly perfect that we feel like shouting it as the cure-all. Political science, like chemical science, or mechanics, or education, proceeds through experiment. The people of Arizona have the bravery to undertake an experiment which will be valuable to all the world. After its adoption and after a season or so of practice, the country will know whether an all-embracing system of recall works toward efficiency and political purity, whether it makes honesty in high places more certain and makes the better man seek preferment, or whether it invites trickery and demogogy, weakness and rule under mediocre office-holders. If Arizona loses it is for Arizona to pay. The territory has been settled by strong men. We believe that these men, should their experiment prove a failure, will admit it freely and take the proper steps to rectify it. Let Arizona have the constitution it wishes.

A FAR WESTERN INDUSTRY.

The far west has a business which it picturesquely terms "dude-wrastling." It consists of feeding and sheltering eastern tourists while they are engaged in stumbling over boulders, soaring over the heads of pitching ponies, picking cactus out of their persons and bragging about what big potatoes they are back home.

Once this occupation was held in poor opinion. It meant association with tenderfeet, and that sometimes amounted to actual suffering, if not to dishonor. But the folk beyond the Missouri are a practical lot. They recognized that the gold of Philadelphia mintage was just as good as that made in San Francisco. They smothered their yawns, learned to curb their sarcasm, suppressed a mania for practical joking and took the tourist for what he was—an easy gift of providence. Today the mountain west holds out its arms. It looks tickled to death when the train comes in. There are moss-agates by the ton in every souvenir shop, ancient cave-dweller relics hot from the kiln, Navajo blankets which have come billed 30 days from factories in Germantown, Pa. The tourist and his money are soon parted. The job, as many can swear, is thorough and painstaking. "Heaven send a good wrack," prayed the pious dwellers of eastern Newfoundland. "Heaven prosper dude-wrastling," say the far westerners. It is well to be devout.

"One child is enough for the twentieth century family," says Olive Schreiner in her new book. No doubt the book will sell better than if she had advocated a family of nine.

Sunday School

THE UNIVERSAL MAN

International Sunday School Lesson for July 9 Is, "The Suffering Servant of Jehovah," Isa. 52:13-53-12.

By William T. Ellis.

A series of Chinese pictures of the prodigal son lie before me as I write, and they represent all the characters with queues, and the scenes as typical Chinese scenes. One of the great modern paintings of Christ portrays him in the home of a German peasant, and all are clad in peasant garb. In Vienna I bought a picture of Jesus weeping over the city—but it was a modern city, with smoke-stacks, office-buildings and tenements.

In all this there is nothing incongruous. The unique distinction of Jesus, amid all the personalities of history, is that he transcends geography and the calendar. He is a citizen of all nations, a contemporary of all men. We cannot conceive of Budda or Confusius outside of Asia; but Jesus is the Universal Man. The portrait which the ancient Hebrew prophet has drawn of him is that of a sympathetic interpreter and Saviour of all the world. There are no racial lines in this fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; it is the comfort of peoples of every color and tongue.

The few immortal pieces of literature which have survived the mutations of time and the distinctions of nationality, all touch a responsive chord in the common heart of humanity. Their appeal is to the deeps of feeling, rather than to the critical judgment of the brain. This majestic passage which the Sunday schools study today is probably the high-water mark of the old Hebrew literature. It should be in the storehouse of every person's memory, even if no lessons are drawn from it at present, the character itself should be committed by all the members of the Sunday school. A major-general was repeating to some fellow-travelers recently fine bits of poetry and the lament arose that the present generation neglects this means of mental enrichment and delight.

The Song of Sorrow.

Napoleon does not grow in the affections of mankind as the years pass; Lincoln and Lee do, for both of these were great in sympathy and sorrow. Through their breaking hearts the whole world of suffering mankind enters into fellowship with them. It is the "Man of Sorrows" to whom humanity turns in its need. The deep prophetic utterance declared of the Redeemer that "by his stripes we are healed." It is the broken heart that heals hearts. He who "poured out his soul unto death" thereby purchases life for the world. There is a time in almost every life when it cries, with the poet, "Champion of all who fail, I fly to thee."

This song of sorrow is more profoundly true to life than any apotheosis of strength. During the past decade or two we have witnessed much of the cult of the successful. Triumph has been put on a pedestal; the men who have surpassed their fellows have been hailed as the heroes. Wealth, power, fame, have been worshipped as the Baals of our twentieth century idolatry. The persons who did not "get there" as the expressive colloquialism has it, were regarded with disdain. Happily, a reaction seems to be in sight. The world is learning that the men who miss the world's laurels may be yet worthy of honor's golden crowns. The defeated in life who have yet kept true faith in heart; the weak and bruised and cast aside, who in defeat or disaster have found themselves in fellowship with the Man of Sorrows, the "despised and rejected of men,' may be more truly victors than they, of courser fibre, who have beaten down the world to its knees at their feet.

The Victorious Victim.

The most honored symbol in all the earth today was once a badge of shame; because the defeated Christ was crucified on a cross, that emblem has come to represent love and hope and mercy. Many discerning persons percive that there is more than a figure of speech in the idea that the world may find its common meeting place at the foot of the cross. For it is in the fellowship of a universal human need, and of a realization of sin, and of a plea for pardon—a self-consciousness of the necessity for divine forgiveness and divine endowment—that mankind is swept into a sense of its oneness and brotherhood. In a larger sense than the poet meant,

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet,
Around one common mercy seat."

The sagest minds in the older nations are today proclaiming that their national salvation lies in discipleship to Christ. Their underlying need is for religion, and for that religion which emphasizes the Lordship and Redemption of Jesus. Otherwise, as certain pupil nations are now showing, the people lose that sense of allegiance and subordination which are essential to a state's well-being, and become individualistic and barren rationalists, holding in contempt ancient laws and obligations. On the other hand history is full of proof that the cross both subdues and uplifts: it makes man subject to God and all earthly rulers, and it exalts his character and capacity. Discipleship of the Crucified does not emasculate men or nations; it strengthens their identity, while it humanizes them in one common sense of sin and need for divine forgiveness. Jesus is truly the Hope of the world, and Desire of nations.

An Idolized American.

The life which in any true sense resembles this prophetic Servant of Jehovah is always a powerful life. Paradoxically, it is the servants who rule. Over in Hang Chow, China, there was a young woman from one of the southern states, a missionary, who earned the nickname of "The Goddess of Mercy." This is one of the popular Chinese idols, and she was called by the same Chinese appellation. Her life was a ministering, loving, sacrificing life. So with the true instinct, the common people perceived that she really displayed those qualities which their favorite goddess was supposed to represent.

A Scott, in te north of China, Dr. D. Christie, of Mukden, has gone to honor and power by the same divine plan. He is the servant of the city. In two wars and in the recent plague the old city looked to him as its deliverer. This was simple because through the humdrum days, he had poured out his soul in efficient human service. He asked only for opportunity to follow his Master's example of doing good to his fellowmen even to the evil and the unthankful; but, lo, all unexpectedly, emperors and nations have lavished honors upon him. He has shared the portion of the great, because he has shared the spirit of the meek and lowly Saviour giving himself as a ransom for many.

It is in such cases as these that the world reads the clear message of God's love. Over and over the sublime truth is to be repeated, that only they know God at all who understand Him to be a compassionate, sympathetic, loving Father, whose nature is most truely revealed in the person of the suffering Saviour.

Truth and Passion One.

Time passes; all things temporal pass with it,
Naught holds; our joys are May flies, and they die
After a little flutter of wings; our hopes
Fade fast as winter twilights; and our firm
Fixed purposes are lamps that flicker and fall.
Why do we keep the helm of this barque
That can but toss on cruel seas of change?
Always above the unquiet clouds we see
One star that is more than fixed, being everlasting,
One fire that hides no treacherous thing at heart,
And will not sink to ash or grimy wick
When tired God blows out the lights of time;
Somehow we can not falter nor turn back
Nor seek the senseless calm beneath the waves
While fire calls to fire and we feel
That these blown flames our hearts are wandering sparks
Of that eternal star, although its name
Is truth, and passion is our word for these. —Shaemas O'Sheel.

FOR A NEW HOME ERA

King George of England Endows a New Women's School.

London Chronicle.

A new era in home life is inaugurated by the formation of a naitonal scheme for the endowment of home science in connection with King's College for Women (University of London). Altogether $500,000 is required, and of that $250,000 has already been subscribed privately.

"By insuring that in future every girl's education shall include some knowledge of the science which affects her home problems and some practice of the domestic arts, the whole standard of home life would be raised," point out the promoters.

Therefore King's College for Women has opened its doors to special courses for training women in the study of the science of the household. It is hoped in that way to insure for the schools a continual supply of teachers qualified to give girls the necessary instruction, and by that means to mitigate the present gigantic yearly waste in infant life and the loss to the nation by preventable disease due to ignorance.

Varieties

The first air man's map has appeared in Paris.

Statistics show that fat men are rarely criminals.

Spain contains 11,597,048 acres of unproductive land.

Telephone service in Denmark costs about $5 a year.

A semi-automatic telephone system is being tried out in Amsterdam.

Running water over aluminum plates is said to be a boiler scale cure.

Women comprise 4½ per cent of the university students of Germany.

The California district leads in the oil production of the United States.

A billion talks a year take place over the telephones of New York city.

Cotton is the most important product among the imports into Germany.

Formosa's demand for opium paste has grown with the general rise of wages.

There are 35,000 Russians at work in Scottish iron and coal mines.

Four splendid secret society chapter houses have burned in succession at Cornell.

A New York beggar carrying a sign "I need bread," was found to have $6 in his clothes.

The telegraph wires of the United States would wrap around the world 500 times.

Advertisement in a New York paper: "Wanted—Girl over 16, white, to pare labels on."

The oil product of the United States is now several times that of the entire world seven years ago.

A conservative estimate of the amount of damage done during the wine riots of France is $5,000,000.

On the west coast of the Madre presidency fish oil is now produced by boiling and pressing sardines.

Mosquito netting is an ancient Greek if not Egyptian invention, even if it does seem a new Yankee idea.

In Dresden the mail authorities make special provision for the transportation of millinery and hats in boxes.

The French Woman Suffrage association has increased its membership 50 per cent in the last 12 months.

The Japanese are disappointed because they are not reaping more benefit from the industrial awakening of China.

The telegraph and telephone wires of the United States would maintain fifty circuits between the earth and moon.

There are twenty-nine princesses, six duchesses, seventy-two baronesses and eight viscountesses of American birth.

An implement has been invented for slicing a boiled egg evenly—a more difficult task than generally supposed.

James J. Hill says he doesn't want to die with his boots on, and accordingly he is preparing to retire from active business life.

A little girl in Sabetha, Kan., is to be baptized next Sunday, and she is proudly telling her friends that she is to be "advertised."

The postoffice of this country handles annually about 14,000,000,000 pieces of mail, while that of Mexico handles about 150,000,000 pieces.

Moscow's oysters come from the Black set. They are not larger than the end of one's thumb and cost 5 cents apiece. Very few are eaten.

Middletown, Conn., has a "newsboy" 73 years old who began carrying papers before the civil war and has stuck to his lifework.

Recent experiments in Germany indicate that drainage waters do not take any more plant food away from fertilized soils than from unfertilized.

Germany imports more than three thousand tons of fruit waste in 1910, principally apple and pear peelings and cores to be used in jelly manufactures.

The project of a railroad across the north of Africa is being pushed by a Spanish committee. The road is to cost $135,000,000 and to be 1,864 miles long.

At the Yarmouth town council it was recently proposed that the dock keys on the sea front should not be allowed to carry persons weighing more than eight stone.

A story showing to what extent business acumen may be developed is told on a Leavenworth (Kansas) man. He raffled off a $5,000 house and his daughter won it.

Juggling has been recommended as a desirable form of mental and physical exercise for persons of sedentary habits and those afflicted with nervous troubles.

There are even more universities students now than ever in the Germany fatherland. Their number has risen from 52,407 in 1910 to 54,822 this year, an increase of 4.6 per cent.

Every inhabitant of the United Kingdom consumes on the average $27.08 worth of imported foods and drinks last year, the total of such imports amounting to $1,232,022,666.

Pickled fish roe has been a commercial commodity, well, for something like four years. It was of Phoenician origin and was the start of the dried fish export business.

The Truth is the name of a new paper published weekly in Jerusalem. It is printed in French and English and is the organ of the Jews who have embraced Christianity.

The women of New Hampshire after many years of hard work have at last succeeded in getting a bill passed making mothers equal guardians of their minor children with the fathers.

The figures show that the number of British seamen employed in the British mercantile marine is steadily increasing, while the number of Lascars and Asiatics of all kinds is stationary.

In the extension of Japanese electric light and electric railway plants American companies have been getting big orders. German concerns cut prices, but in most instances the Americans won.

There are 500 American women in Europe who left their native land as the brides of so-called noblemen. Of these 200 have been divorced or are separated from their husbands.

Patrick Henry's old house at Hanover, Va., which has been a hotel for a number of years, has been sold lately, and, with the land on which it stands, will be made a resort for summer vacationists.

Princess Maria of Sweden, wife of Prince Wilhelm, the king's son, is an unusually democratic woman, and is endearing herself to the Swedish people because of her unassuming manner and her patriotism.

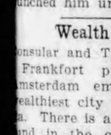
$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ...You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and is convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, and try what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Main Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $2.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.



DON'T CUT OUT VARICOSE VEINS

But reduce them, stop pain and inflammation with

ABSORBINE JR.

A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins, they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes, after using one and one-half bottles of **ABSORBINE, JR.**, the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past two years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 7 F free. Price $2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all desire of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One, two or three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanatarium, Dept. 18 St. Joseph, Mo

CANCER and **TUMORS** (external) treated by non-surgical medical methods. 28 years' experience. Descriptive book free. Address Weber Sanatorium, 17 W. 8th St. Cincinnati, O.

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN in our catalog of RUBBER NECESSITIES, TOILET SUPPLIES. Send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, AS-60 Wabash Av., Chicago

LOSERS AVENGE FLAT BEER

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 1.—Harry Goldstein, a photographer who goes from town to town taking pictures, was badly beaten and his camera was smashed by Andrew Roski and Benjamin Dedura, because after two trials he failed to take good pictures of them. In posing, one held a beer glass and the other poured beer into it from a bottle. After two failures to get a negative they were induced, despite their anger, to pose the third time.

Then they discovered the beer was flat and they hurled glass and bottle at Goldstein, knocking him down and breaking his camera. Then they punched him until he was helpless.

Wealth of Frankfort.

Consular and Trade Reports.

Frankfort probably shares with Amsterdam eminence as being the wealthiest city in the world per capita. There is an immense investment fund in the city garnered through the centuries. Frankfort has long been one of the great money markets of Europe and banking in Germany centred here until recent years, the great Frankfort private banking houses leading and being assisted in their operations by such houses as Mendelssohns and Bleichroeders in Berlin and the Oppenheims in Hanover.

ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and by stay cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for a while, to return worse than before. Remember I make this broad statement after putting ten years of my time on this one disease and specializing in the meantime a quarter of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cassaday, 1449 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

TAFT TELLS FACT, REFUTES HINES

White House Statement Declares President Refused to Help Lorimer.

Washington, July 1.—Regarding the testimony of Edward Hines in the Lorimer inquiry that Senator Aldrich told him to notify Springfield the president was anxious that Lorimer should be elected to the senate, the following statement is authorized by the White House:

"The fact with reference to the president's relation to Senator Lorimer's election is this:

"That during the tariff fight gentlemen came to President Taft and expressed their interest in passing the tariff bill and said that it had been suggested from Illinois that it would be wise for the president to express an opinion in favor of the election of Mr. Lorimer.

Refused to Authorize Message.

"He did not know Mr. Lorimer well, although he knew that he was an influential member of congress, but he did know Senator Hopkins. He knew very little about Illinois politics, but expressed a desire there should be two Republican senators from Illinois. When asked to put that in the form of a telegram urging the election of Mr. Lorimer, he declined to do so.

"The statement by Mr. Hines that the president was anxious for and was urging the election of Mr. Lorimer is wholly unfounded."

The president is therefore standing upon this official statement, which originally was made when Mr. Hines testified before the Helm committee, and will not add anything to it or take anything from it.

Statement Made Also in Letter.

Attention was called at the White House also to an extract from a letter written by Mr. Taft shortly after Lorimer's election, in which the executive said:

"The reports, rumors or statements that I consciously lent any weight of the administration to the election of Lorimer are wholly untrue."

WEALTHY, SEES INEQUALITY

One of Chicago's Richest Women Says World Will Revolt.

Chicago, JuJly 1.—Names of the three richest women in Chicago were made public today on the completion of the personal property tax lists. They are:

Mrs. Nettie F. McCormick, $2,595,000; Mrs. Emmons Blaine, $1,950,000; Virginia McCormick, $1,350,000. This is the value of personal property only.

Mrs. Blaine, although listed as one of the city's most wealthy women, believes that wealth is unjustly distributed.

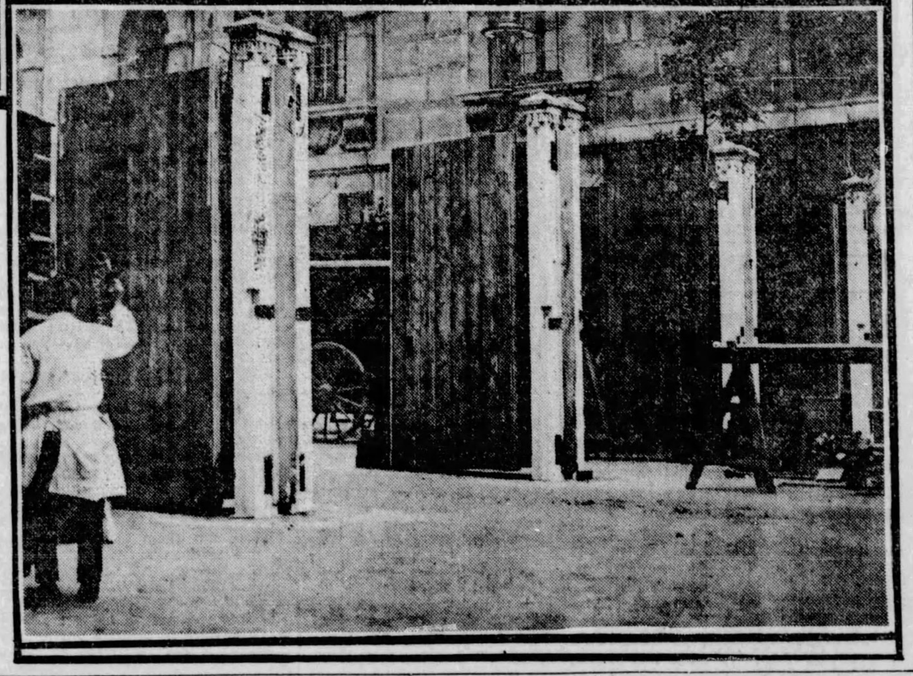
"tI is my belief," she said, "that before many generations the race as a whole will revolt at the senseless inequality of the wealth holding power of individuals. It is a question, I think, whether too large a part of the wealth is held in private hands, and whether a sufficient proportion should not be held by the community to meet the needs of the community as a whole, so that the rightful needs of any individual need not depend solely on the will of some minority of individuals."

DUMB, CURED BY LIGHTNING

Bolt Is Reply to Prayer, Father of Girl Says.

New Orleans, July 3.—After being speechless two years, as a result of a long illness, Miss Jessie Fishel instantly recovered today when frightened by a vivid flash of lightning and a loud peal of thunder. Seventeen specialists in several cities had tried to restore her voice. Her father declares the recovery is the result of prayer offered constantly by the family. A big family celebration has been planned.

HERE'S A HINT OF THE THRONG WHICH LONDON HANDLED



The picture of a multitude in the street shown above gives one a faint idea of the enormous crowds which surged through the thoroughfares of London during the festivities of coronation.

The steeet in the picture is the famous Ludgate Hill. The particular occasion for the crowd in this street when this picture was taken was that they might get a sight of the colonial troops on their way to worship in St. Paul's cathedral, which is shown at the far end of the street.

The throngs were so great that there was no attempt made to stay on the sidewalks. The streets were filled from curb to curb—or rather from the buildings on one side to buildings on the other.

The other picture is expressly interesting inasmuch as it expresses a new idea of the management of great crowds on the occasion of an event attracting such intense interest as a coronation.

The barricades shown clearly in the picture were erected in order to make sure a passage for the coronation procession and to divide the crowds in such a way as to make for safety.

Police and soldiery were in constant fear of a panic. They were afraid that the multitude would get beyond their control. The erection of these enormous barricades was hit upon as a method of controlling the throng.

It has been said since the coronation that the presence of the barricades served to frighten the crowds to some extent and resulted in decreasing the numbers on the street.

KING ENTERS LONDON

George and Mary Observe an Ancient Custom.

London, June 29.—The last, but by no means the least interesting of the series of elaborate pageants in connection with the coronation, took place today and was witnessed by hundreds of thousands of spectators. This was the visit of the king and queen to the city of London and their official reception by the lord mayor at the Guildhall, following the attendance of their majesties on the special service of thanksgiving held in St. Paul's cathedral.

The visit to the city, which was in pursuance of a custom that has attended the coronation of every British sovereign for ages, was accompanied by much picturesque and quaint ceremony. In duty bound, the royal procession halted at Temple Bar, which marks the city boundary, while the king awaited the necessary permission to enter the city. Awaiting his majesty were the lord mayor and the sheriffs, mounted on horses and garbed in the picturesque costumes of their respective offices, also the aldermen and the common councilors of the city, who were in carriages.

On the arrival of their majesties at Temple Bar, the lord mayor, having dismounted, advanced to the king and presented to him the pearl sword given to the city by Queen Elizabeth. The king touched the sword and returned it, and, this being done, the lord mayor remounted his horse, and, carrying the city sword of state, preceded the royal procession to the Guildhall, where formal greetings and congratulations were exchanged between the newly crowned sovereigns and the official representatives of the city of London.

TO AID AMERICAN JEWS

Action Soon on Matter of Exclusion From Russia.

Washington, June 30.—Action in the near future regarding the exclusion of Jewish-American citizens from Russia was promised today by Chairman Cullom, of the senate foreign relations committee. Answering a criticism of the committee made on the floor by Senator Culberson, who charged "inactivity and inattention," Senator Cullom said conferences were being held between the committee and the secretary of state.

Progress.

Throne.

Lady—"And did you make your congregation give up cannibalism?"

Missionary (suppressing a grin)—"Not quite; but after much trouble I persuaded them to use knives and forks."

The Gypsy Race Marvel

WHEN tramps take to the road and summer warmth sets nomad impulses leaping in veins sober enough during the colder seasons, the marvel of the gypsy race is an unfailing source of wonder to those who have any understanding of the history of that unique body of wanderers. It is one of the instances of persistence in a race type and race habits which give great comfort to those who maintain that blood is nearly all and environment comparatively little in determining the character and fate of human beings.

Here are a few hundred thousand people scattered so widely that they have long since lost all knowledge of their kinsfolk in distant lands. They are found in all parts of Europe, in Northern Africa, in Western Asia and in North and South America and Australia. They have no literature to hold them together by its records of their past. They have, in fact, no written language. Unlike the numerous and powerful Jews, likewise widely spread abroad over the earth, the gypsies have no definite and cherished religion.

Lacking all these elements of cohesion, poor, weak by reason of their scanty numbers and their want of a fixed place in industries or large affairs of any kind, often despised, suspected or persecuted, they nevertheless maintain their racial existence. They are everywhere a people apart from their neighbors. In all lands where they are found they are of the same characteristics and largely of the same habits.

The gypsies have picked up many words and forms of speech in the countries where they have lived for centuries, but all of the dialects they use are closely related and built on the same foundation.

Gypsies from any part of the earth have no trouble in understanding gypsies from any other country, however far away and different. And this without books, without written records, without even an alphabet, in the strict sense.

For five hundred years in Central Europe, four hundred years in the British Isles, six centuries, at least, in Eastern Europe, perhaps seven, these people of the open fields, the roads, the woods, the plains and the mountains have lived their own life, held aloof from the nations around them and clung with amazing tenacity to their peculiar characteristics. They have tinkered pots and kettles, made baskets, told fortunes, traded horses.

And where did this extraordinary stock first take root and grow into its sharply defined form? No nearer than India to the countries where gypsy habits, gypsy superstitions, gypsy music and the simple gypsy arts are best known.

Centuries of guessing and fable left the belief general that the Romani, to give them the name by which they call their language, came from Egypt or Arabia but in Egypt they are known by a term which means "robbers,' and their language has finally established their Indian origin.

They are known to have migrated westward from Hindustan as early as 900 A. D., perhaps before that date. They drifted westward into what is now Afghanistan and Persia and thence they passed on farther west, some into Syria, Egypt and North Africa and from there into Spain, and others through Asia Minor, European Turkey, Greece and so to all parts of Europe, though in some countries, as in France, they were never allowed to gain much foothold.

The gypsies themselves have often encouraged the belief that they were of Egyptian origin, as readers of Watts-Dunton, Barrie, Crockett and others are aware, and their English name goes back to the old form of "Egipcions.' Sometimes their chiefs laid claim to noble rank in Egypt. Mesopotamia or some other eastern land to obtain better treatment for themselves and their followers than they might otherwise hope to receive.

Everywhere their black hair, their dark skins, their oriental faces and their tongue unknown to Europe proclaimed their Asiatic origin. Their wild music, the "Czigany" or "Czigane' of Hungary, is of much interest and charm, and it has been studied with care by such masters as Liszt.

It is in Eastern Europe, especially in the Balkan peninsula, Hungary and Southern Russia, that the gypsies have thriven most and become most numerous. There they are quite an important element in the population of many districts. In the English-speaking world, much as they have liked the wilder sections of the United States, they have remained always only a remarkable nomad race, curiosity rather than a factor in the serious life of any community.

MUST PAY HER $285,000

London Editor Loses Suit to Victim's Daughter.

London, July 1. — Horatio W. Bottomley, editor, newspaper proprietor, financier and Independent Liberal member of parliament for South Hackney, was condemned by Lord Chief Justice Alverstone this afternoon to pay $250,000 damages to the estate of the late R. E. Master, a retired Madras civil servant.

It was claimed that Bottomley had obtained $285,000 through misrepresentation by selling to Master worthless shares in numerous undertakings promoted by Bottomley himself.

The plantiff was Miss Master, a daughter. The latter was supposed to have been wealthy, but he died penniless. An investigation of his papers was made and it was discovered that Master had been connected in big financial deals with Bottomley and Terah Hooley, another promoter, whose meteoric career astonished the city a few years ago.

Counsel for the plaintiff described Master as "a poor, old, deaf and infirm man, who had been sucked dry by Bottomley within five months."

Bottomley, who heard the verdict unmoved, addressed the jury, declaring that the suit was another "of those blackmailing charges which, in defending, I have almost lived in the witness box during the past 10 years."

WHEAT TO BREAD: 30 MINUTES

Beloit, Kas., June 30.—What is thought to be the world's time record in harvesting, thrashing, and milling wheat and baking it into bread was made the other day. The time used in doing this was 30 minutes.

FIRE SPREADS A PANIC

Flames on Ohio, Over Powder Magazine, Caused Rapid Work.

New York, June 29.—Fire which broke out in the after turret of the battleship Ohio, directly over a magazine stored with about 3,000 pounds of powder, threatened an explosion in the Brooklyn navy yard at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

A fire alarm called the crew of 748 men to fight the blaze, and before it was put out two members were overcome. The alarm automatically flooded both the fore and aft magazines and after an hour's hard work the danger was over.

Two other battleships, the huge North Dakota, of the dreadnought type, and the Alabama, which is out of commission, were well within the danger zone, while the Florida, a short distance away, would also have been damaged if an explosion had occurred. According to Captain Robert Buchanan, of the Ohio, only prompt work on the part of the crew averted a catastrophe.

Ship Being Overhauled.

The Ohio has been moored to the curved dock, known as the Horn, in the navy yard for the past two days, when she was taken out of drydock. She was being overhauled preparatory to being sent on a long cruise on Friday.

Nineteen men, members of the crew and civilians, were working on the bulkhead close to the turret when one dropped a redhot rivet among wood and rubbish. A blaze followed, but the workmen immediately recovered the rivet and stamped out the blaze. No particular attention was paid to the accident, but just as the men were leaving the turret a few minutes later, smoke was seen pouring out of the compartment.

3,600 Pounds of Powder.

Captain Buchanan realized that the after magazine, several feet directly below the turret, contained 200 cans of powder, each weighing 148 pounds, enough to send the ship to the bottom of the basin if it ignited. He ordered the men to get out all the fire hose on the ship and play half a dozen streams on the fire. This was done and for half an hour more the ship's crew continued to flood the turret with water. Finally the last vestige of smoke was gone.

Captain Buchanan found that the redhot rivet had burned away the insulation from several electric light wires used to furnish power to the hoisting machinery which conveys the power to the magazine below and had created a short circuit. This in turn had set fire to a quantity of rubber and wood, and while flames did not break through, the rubbish smoldered until the whole interior was thoroughly soaked with water.

Dickens' Honeymoon Cottage.

London Evening Standard

A memorial tablet is to be fixed on the cottage at Chalk, near Gravesend, where Charles Dickens spent part of his honeymoon, and Mr. Percy Fitz-Gerald is executing a bronze bust of the novelist in black marble, which he is presenting to the Gravesend Dickens' Fellowship, to be placed over the doorway of the cottage.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED.

ADVERTISEMENT—writers earn from $25 to $100 a week. You can learn quickly. Ask for free information. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

EDUCATIONAL.

LEARN SHORTHAND AT HOME from expert court stenographer, by mail. Grasp this fact, shorthand work opens to you all business methods and secrets of success. Your career has no limits. Personal instruction in leading system. Write for testimonials. Geo. A. Kaull, 84 Wymore St., East Cleveland, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, Etc. Catalog Free. D. S. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

SEND any photo well wrapped with 25c and two 2c stamps. I will promptly return post paid, your photo with 12 photos made from it, size 2x3. Address, Chas. R. Bland, Walkersville, W. Va. Box 33.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

One Stream of Gold for Europe

Official estimates are wide apart in calculating the amount of money sent back to European countries by emigrants who earn it in America. Some seem very low, from the American point of view. Others look surprisingly high.

For instance, in a lecture delivered in Budapest, not long ago, Joseph Szterenyi, formerly under-secretary of state for commerce in the Hungarian government, declared that Hungarians who had emigrated to foreign countries sent back to their old homes and families not less that $50,000,000 annually. Nearly all of these Hungarian emigrants are in the United States and whatever sum, whether more or less than $50,000,000, they send to their native land is earned and taken out of America.

But if the Hungarians in this country remit $50,000,000 a year to Hungary, the total drain of like nature from the United States must be incredibly large. Judging by the volume of immigration from various countries in the old world and the number of natives of those countries living in the United States, there should be a much money sent back to Europe by the Italians as is poured into Hungary. Poland might equal either country. Germany should surpass any of the three. So should Ireland, England and Sweden. Russia might receive as much American money as goes to Hungary.

Other countries, with fewer of their sons and daughters living and working and saving in the United States, might easily double in the aggregate, the sum sent back every year by Hungarians. Norway, Scotland, Denmark, Holland, France, Bulgaria, Greece, Roumania, Switzerland, Servia, and Turkey would all be factors in such an aggregate, not to speak of Asiatic lands such as China, Japan, and Turkey (Syria and Armenia).

By taking $50,000,000 as the contribution made annually by Hungarians in the United States to the support and prosperity of their native country, if the proportions indicated held good in respect to other nations in Europe and Asia, thre would be about $450,000,000 or $500,000,000, sent to the old world every year by emigrants who are living in Ameica. That sum is too large. If it were anywhere near right the invisible balance of trade against the United States would so swamp the surplus of American exports over imports of imports of merchandise that the United States would be fast running deeper into debt to Europe.

At the other extreme in calculating the volume of the stream of gold sent back to Europe by emigrants to America, is a recent report by the Italian committee on Emigration. That body, after careful investigation, has come to the conclusion that all of the Italians living abroad, about two-thirds of whom are in the United States, send home only about $965,000 a year. That would make the share of the Italians in this country about $600,000.

If this sum is anywhere near the truth the Hungarian estimates are clearly wide of the mark. Probably the facts lie between the two. But it is possible that the Hungarian official who believes that his country receives $50,000,000 annually from its emigrants includes with what they send home the money they bring back when they return, as many do, either for a short time or permanently. If that factor is taken into account the Italian estimates become very different.

The same committee on emigration which has been cited as an authority, places average savings of Italians returning from America at from $193 to $965. Exceptional cases run higher or lower, of course, and the mean is probably not far from $400. In the last eight years the number of Italian estimates become very different, across the Atlantic—the United States, Argentina and Brazil, chiefly—has been about 1,400,000. If they have brought back $400 apiece, on the average, the total is no less than $560,000,000, which means about $70,000,000 a year, and of that total from $45,000,000 to $50,000,000 would be from the United States.

This brings the Italian figures up to the Hungarian level. It certainly presents an impressive picture of the vast stream of gold flowing like a great ocean current across the Atlantic from America to Europe. It is a more important factor in the final balancing of accounts between this country and the Old World than even the prodigal expenditures of American travelers and sojourners in Europe.

"All for the Best."

All's for the best, be sanguine and cheerful,
Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage forever is happy and wise.

All's for the best, if a man will but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best.

All's for the best, then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers and errors,
Trust like a child while you strive like a man.

All's for the best unbiased, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west;
And by both wisdom and virtue surrounded
Hope and be happy that all's for the best. —Old English Song.

Reward for Meritorious Policeman.

Le Temps

M. Lepine, prefect of police, has been informed by M. Dubost, notary, that Prince Joseph Maximilien Lubomirski, a literary man who used to live in Paris at 5 Rue de l'Universite, has bequeathed 10,000 francs to the prefecture of police, in memory of the "really admirable manner in which the police protect infirm persons in the streets of Paris." The interest in this sum, 300 francs, will serve to reward the most meritorious policeman among those directing the traffic between the Etoile and the Rue Montmartre, along the Champs Elysees, the Rue Royale and the grand boulevards.

Soft-Toned Bells of China.

Consular Reports.

The natives of China use large bells of their own make in many of their temples and monasteries. I have noticed all through Japan and China that the tone of the monastery and temple bells is very soft and smooth, due to the superior quality of the material used in their manufacture and to the absence of iron clappers, the result being a marvellous softness of tone. The bells are never swung, being always suspended in a fixed frame, and the sound is produced by striking them on the outer edge with a wooden mallet. This makes the soft tones which are so delightfully melodious.

Why Not?

Speaking of T. Roosevelt, Poetess Julia Ditto Young, Sweet Singer of Buffalo, says, in part:

"A million men his deeds make known
In fleeting words of duty—
I smile to think my pen alone
Paints him in deathless beauty."

If she can do that, Julia sure has a smile coming."

Water Food Possibilities

WILD creatures of the forest, plains and mountains are of no real importance in civilized lands as a source of human food. They are eaten to tickle the palate, not to keep up the supply of fuel for the machinery of the body. For practical purposes game doesn't count much.

It is entirely different with the food which comes from the waters. Oysters are helped by a certain degree of cultivation of care, in their beds of ooze, and the fishes of rivers and lakes are more or less protected by closed seasons and by regulations respecting the meshes in nets and the use of other devices for catching or killing them. But there are practically no domesticated fishes. The food which comes from the water is a harvest of wild life.

In the sea it is also life unguarded, unconfined, life over which man has no control except as he pursues and lives upon it. He has no game preserves in the ocean. There the creatures he values most and finds most useful must take their chances with those which fishermen find most destructive and useless.

There are signs that this vast reservoir of human food has been more completely left to chance than it need be. Well ascertained facts hint at great possibilities in the conservation of fishes, even in the high seas.

Of course they can't be guarded like sheep in a pasture or trout in a private stream. There can't be closed seasons unless by agreement between all maritime nations. But there can be effective war upon certain destructive fishes and there can be some measure of protection for important spawning grounds.

The public authorities in New Brunswick, for instance, have found that it makes a material difference in the run and catch of valuable food fishes to pay a small price for dogfish, which are of the shark family and very voracious. The sum fixed is just enough to make it worth while for fishermen to kill these destroyers of better fishes and deliver them at the fertilizer factories which the government maintains.

It pays, also, to buy fish offal and refuse from the fishermen. Thrown into the sea this waste matter gorges some fishes and repels other kinds. In both ways it interferes with fisheries. Used for fertilizers the refuse is of value and it does no harm to fishing interests of any kind.

If man ever discovers effective means of thinning out some kinds of fishes and giving the space they fill and the food they consume to other species useful for human food, the cost of living will be affected decidedly in many countries.

As it is now the supply of fish is like that of certain kinds of game in lands where savages depend largely on the chase. It may be a feast one month and a famine the next.

Japan is a country where little food is wasted. The people are poor and the islands are crowded. Yet there are times when the myriads of herring off the coasts are so incredible that the markets are completely glutted. The fishes fairly pour into the nets and it sometimes happens that they are sold for almost nothing, to be converted into fertilizers for the fields.

In inland waters, such as lakes and rivers, it is possible to come much nearer making the supply of fish for human food regular and dependable. A good deal of progress has been made already in the United States and other countries. More is possible and sure to come.

By using such waters in the most careful and scientific way their regular harvests of excellent food can be enlarged and improved. The great lakes, already yielding a vast quantity of fish, can be made much more productive and the average quality of the food they furnish can be raised. This is one of the tasks which the governments of the United States and Canada must work out for the good of both countries.

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

MARY CASSIDY came near getting The Blade Book corner this week, but the first thing in the morning of June 29, when I came into the office I found in one of my letter baskets, the one they put the new ones in, a story of early days in Michigan, in the vicinity of the city of Owosso, Shiawassee county.

Thinks I, "What's the matter with Michigan?" I gave myself the answer: "She's all right." So I told Mary Cassidy to go on home and look after Dennis, her youngest, and Katie, her eldest, let alone the six that come between. "Her bein' busy wid picnic arrangin', 'twas her that was willin' to do that same," and it is quite likely that after the picnic is out and over, Ann Donovan will be along to tell what kind of doings were done. So here is for the story of WAY-BACK DAYS IN MICHIGAN, which is the tenth chapter of The Blade Book, as it is written by one of our lady friends, MARY E. SHOUT, citizen of Corunna, Michigan.

It is up to you to read the story:

In 1835 my father and uncle built and occupied with their families the first house at Owosso, Shiawassee county, Michigan. There was no other habitation for many, many miles in any direction, with the exception of one, and that was seven miles distant.

The Indian paddled his canoe along the beautiful Shiawassee river, with no bridges or mill dams to intercept his course. He followed his trail through the unbroken forest, with ponies, squaws and pappooses, hunting and camping where he pleased.

Owosso is now a thriving city with up-to-date improvements. There is an electric car line between there and Corunna, where my home is. It is surrounded with fine improved farms with elegant homes. How different are the equipments, conditions and advantages of country life now from what they were then, but that is not what I am going to write about. When I contemplate these marvelous changes and achievements my mind naturally reverts to the primitive conditions of almost 80 years ago, and to the little log hut in the wilderness, and I thought some of the younger Blade readers might enjoy a pioneer sketch and a pen picture of the interior of that rough little home.

My parents came here from York state when Michigan was a territory. I will not tell you about the journey, for it would take too much space. Having arrived at their objective point, late in the afternoon of the third or fourth of July, they arranged to camp out that night. Father looked after the cattle, and uncle started a fire by striking a piece of flint with his jack knife until a spark caught on a bit of punk. Then he set fire to a log heap that burned all night. Each family had a child about a year old. While one mother cared for the children the other made the tea and spread the supper of food they had already prepared. They were very tired from jolting over the rough road, or no road at all, a long distance of which had been cut out by the men, with nothing to guide them but blazed trees and Indian trails.

They made their beds and tried to sleep, but the onslaughts of mosquitoes, the hooting of owls and howling of wolves made it almost impossible. The next day they moved into the log house, which was roofed with bark and was without chimneys, floors or windows.

This was the nucleus of a charming little city. What would they have thought if prophetic vision could have given them a glimpse of it? No such inspiration was vouchsafed those old pioneers. It was theirs to delve and toil and endure great hardships and pass on, leaving their valuable beginning for others to complete and enjoy.

They soon had a stack chimney and puncheon floors, but 60 miles of forest and rough roads lay between them and lumber, or any food supplies, save those they bartered for with the Indians; however, doors and windows were procured later on.

The place at that time was called the Big Rapids of the Shiawassee. Later, it was named Owosso, after the chief of a band of Chippewa Indians, whose headquarters were near. The house, it was a double one with one room for each family, stood near the bank of the river and on the margin of an old Indian clearing. The river flowed in graceful curves to the northwest, between high banks, dotted with a great variety of wild flowers. A much greater number of birds than we have now filled the woods with melody. It was, indeed, an ideal spot, where nature had scattered her beauties with a lavish hand.

It was a pretty sight to see the timid deer bounding through the forest. When chased by dogs, they rushed into the river, where they stood, making a good target for uncle's gun. The wolves howled near by. Bears came sniffing clear up to the doors. Indians seemed ever present, and came in their characteristic way, silently and unannounced, unless they had drunk too much of the white man's "fire water," then they were troublesome. They were welcome when they brought fresh venison and maple sugar, or berries, to swap for things the folks could spare. Appearances indicated that their stuff was not immaculate, but hunger overcame all squeamishness.

They used to tell of an Indian chief who declared his sugar was clean, for he strained the syrup through his shirt.

A canoe served them for crossing the river, until they built a footbridge. Sometimes the cattle strayed so far away they could not hear the bells, and they hunted two or three days to find them.

Now I will give you a pen picture of the one room that served mother for kitchen, sitting room and bedroom. In one end was the fireplace, with andirons and grate, heavy shovel and tongs. Shelves for dishes flanked it on one side. There were holes bored in the logs and wooden pegs driven in upon which to hang things. On the other side was a corded-up bedstead, one of the old-fashioned kind, with valences around it and straw and feather beds upon it. In the other end of the room was a bed. Near its head stood mother's chest of drawers, filled with bed and table linen of her own spinning and weaving. Over this hung the looking glass and the indispensable almanac. Upon its top lay the Bible and a few books. There were a few chairs, mother's rocker, a fall leaf table, the spinning wheel, and dearest of all in memory's casket, the little wooden cradle in which mother rocked and tended us one after another, until we were graduated to the trundle bed.

Dearest mother! I can see her now, as she sat mending our clothes, with her foot on the cradle, rocking it to and fro and singing Rock of Ages, or Hush, My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber. Sometimes, at the lovely eventide, she would tell us of "Old Mother Hubbard" or "Jack and His Wonderful Beanstalk."

The baking was done in an iron bake-kettle or a tin baker, set before the fire. Food was cooked in kettles hung on a crane that swung out and in, over the fire. There were a bellows to blow the fire, a neckyoke to help in carrying pails of water; a flintlock gun hung overhead, candle-molds, a dinner horn and the candlestick and snuffers were other furnishings.

FIRST HOUSE IN OWOSSO, MICH. From a postcard made from a painting by the author of this chapter of The Blade Book.

Letters were written with pens made of quills and it cost 25 cents to send a letter by mail. There were no matches and great care was taken to bury the fire with ashes, so it would not go out. In place of baking powder and soda, they used a lye made of wood or cob ashes. Tallow candles were used for lighting purposes. If the supply gave out, a strip of cloth was placed in a dish of grease and lighted.

There was much sickness here in early days, owing to malarial conditions. Uncle was taken sick and father tramped 60 miles after a doctor, who returned with him and remained until he was better. There were many discomforts then we do not know much about now. The soil was full of fleas that never fled, only when pursued, and their bite was torture. Mosquitoes and gnats were a terror, and there was no netting or wire screens for protection. Smudges were the only things to afford even partial relief from their dreadful assaults. Snakes were in evidence all over; on land, in the water and in the house. There were rattlers, blue racers, green, striped and spotted snakes and huge blacksnakes. I could tell a lot about them, but I am not going to. The old settlers had their trials and hardships, and they also had their recreations, pleasures and joys, but I must not tell you any more this time.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top o' the morning are taken from letters written to this page. Watch for yourself:

SUNDAY

This is a great old world, and a mighty good place to live in.—Bertha M. Grafton, Illinois.

MONDAY

We have so many blessings to be thankful for; so many beautiful things to look upon, all reminding us of the loving Creator who placed these beauties here to make us happy. —Sinai M. Smith, West Virginia.

TUESDAY

God is with us in the storm as well as in the calm.—Mary Tupper, New York.

WEDNESDAY

I try to live a Christian life and live up to the Golden Rule.—Mrs. Collins, Kansas.

THURSDAY

I believe if we all had more sunshine in our hearts we would not need to depend entirely upon the sun's rays to cheer us.—A Young Widow from Ohio.

FRIDAY

When I read about the "Johns," I often wonder if the homemaker that happens to have a cross one, ever inquires about his health. You know we cannot feel very pleasant if our health is out of order.—E. M. H., Barry county, Michigan.

SATURDAY

When all is said which can be said, there is but one way to insure perfect peace and happiness, and that is to use the entire motto of The Blade:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

remembering that we pass this way but once.—From Plains, Montana.

INFORMATION

Corn Again.

Cut from the cobs enough sweet corn for 10 quarts. Place in an earthen dish or jar. Stir into it thoroughly one cup of salt. Let stand until a liquor forms. Put in canning kettle without adding water. Let come to a boil. Boil 15 minutes and can as you would cherries or other fruit. When using to eat put into a dish of cold water. Stir it, drain off, boil a short time and season to taste.—S. J. Stillwill, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Rust Spots.

To remove rust spots from wash goods, get five cents worth of oxalic acid in powder form. Put this in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with water. Before washing clothes, saturate all rust spots with this mixture. As it is used, keep filling up the bottle. This will not hurt linen or other white clothes.—Esther Spitzhart, Salen Oregon.

Tight Shoes.

If any of The Blade readers have shoes that are too tight, or pinch in places, grease them thoroughly on the inside with castor oil, put some on the outside also, wear them for a few hours over a pair of thin stockings, and your shoes will bother you no more.—Aunt Jerusha from Oshkosh.

The Nifties and the Indian

By ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER 2.

To the Camp.

Everything turned out as the Nifties wanted. It was decided that the Kid could go. "And he hasn't any strings tied to him, 'cepting that he dassent go in swimming," said Freckles."

"That's tough luck," Brooksie grumbled. "I don't believe it would hurt him."

"Anyway, it's better'n if he couldn't go camping at all," put in Jack, who was always seeing the bright side of things.

It was evening, and the boys were on their way home after a visit to the Kid's house where the final arrangements were made. They were to start as early in the morning as possible, and they intended to be up with the sun, so they might get their camping outfit ready, and hire a delivery wagon to carry it to the camp ground. They were not going to take very much. Of course the important things were the tent, a few cooking utensils, and blankets to sleep in at night. They included some boards in the list, to make a floor for the tent, but they scorned the idea of such things as real beds.

"What'll we take to eat?" asked Brooksie.

Freckles knew. He was always sure to know about everything.

"Oh, bread and bacon and flour," he answered, carelessly.

"What do we want of flour?" demanded Jack.

"To make sour dough with," Freckles explained. "When you're out on the trail, you always have to have sour dough, I've read about it lots of times. You have to have it."

"Oh!" chorused the other boys, looking at Freckles admiringly.

"This isn't going to be any make-believe camp. It's the real thing. We'll see hardships and mebbe dangers," he hinted darkly.

The day of the start dawned cloudless and warm. The boys, dressed in their oldest clothes, were up with the birds and out about the camping business. Their headquarters were at the Kid's house, and it was there they assembled their camping outfit and helped to load it on the delivery wagon.

What with delays of various kinds, and forgetting things they needed and having to go after them, it was rather late in the afternoon before they were ready. The Kid's mother suggested their waiting until the next morning, but it was only a suggestion, and she waved them a smiling good-bye when they drove away from the house.

Freckles and his dog, Fritz, were on the front seat with the driver. The other boys tucked themselves in, any place where they could find room. The driver "clucked" to his horses and they were off, shouting the "yell" of the Nifties, with Fritz barking in chorus.

Freckles' dog, Fritz, has not yet been introduced, but he is quite worthy of a ceremonious introduction. He was a fox terrier with absurdly short legs for one of his breed. He was white all over, with the exception of a brown spot around one eye, and he had ears as much too long for his body as his legs were too short. Fritz was undoubtedly the smartest dog that ever happened; at least that was Freckles' opinion.

The campers were quiet while they were driving through the city, but when they were on the open road in the country they let themselves loose and shouted and sung, making noise enough for forty. The Kid's pale face began to have some color, and he was the jolliest one of the party. Presently they decided to get out of the wagon and do a little sprinting to see who was the fastest runner. Fritz was in the race, and it goes without saying that he was the winner. Suddenly he disappeared and was out of sight for some time. The Nifties were passing a farm when they heard sounds of trouble among the chickens.

"It's that pup, Fritz," exclaimed Freckles, hurrying to the scene of disturbance in the hopes of stopping damage. The other boys followed.

It was too late. Fritz had been scouting, and had reached there first. He had caught a chicken. It was a nice, fat pullet, and he came dragging it along, to lay at his master's feet. This done, he sat himself down sideways, and barked short, quick barks, as if to call attention to the fact that he had done something to be proud of.

"Your dog is a great hunter," drawled the driver of the wagon, stopping his horses so that he might see what would happen.

The chicken was dead. Freckles picked it up in hopes that it might be alive, but it was dead, beyond a question.

"Let's duck," proposed Brooksie, climbing into the wagon.

Jack and the Kid followed his example. Freckles stood in the dust of the road undecided, but he grabbed Fritz by the nose to stop his barking.

An angry woman came out of the farm house, calling to Freckles: "You'll have to pay for that chicken. What with them autobeels and dogs that's out for killin', we can't keep no chickens at all. You'll have to pay me half a dollar, or I'll have you arrested."

"We'll chip in, Freckles," the Kid said, softly.

"Are you going to pay, or ain't you?" the woman demanded, belligerently.

"Yes, we are," answered Freckles, hastily taking up a collection.

He handed the woman the money and she went back to the farm house.

Freckles picked up Fritz and the chicken, put them into the wagon, and got in himself. The driver started his horses. "'Tain't nothin' to worry about," he said. "She got the worth of her chicken."

"I told you not to bring that dog. You'll have to be looking out for him all of the time," Brooksie remarked gloomily.

The Kid reached out his hand surreptitiously and tweaked one of Fritz's ears in a friendly manner. Fritz, feeling himself in disgrace, was cowering close to Freckles' side. He was ready to accept the least sign of friendship, and at the Kid's touch his ears were up and doing, and his tail was wagging his appreciation.

"Well, anyway," observed Jack, "we can have chicken for supper."

Owing to their delay in starting, and their slow progress along the road, it was late, and growing dusk, when they reached the place where they intended camping. The woods looked dark and gloomy, and, to add to the gloom, black clouds were shouldering up from the west.

"You'll have to hurry, boys," said the driver. "It's going to rain, and I want to get back to town."

"Drive up near the barn and unload," directed Freckles, "if it rains we'll have to put things in there."

"I'll drive as near as I kin," agreed the driver.

This did not prove to be very near, however, and the outfit was piled on the ground, some distance away from shelter. The barn stood next to the woods on the edge of a cultivated field, and had been built as a storehouse for farming utensils.

"I guess you'll have to carry it yourselves, if it gits there. Ain't you got no tarpaulin?" asked the driver. "You could cover 'em over if you had, and keep 'em from getting wet. It's going to rain for sure, and you'd better rustle and hunt cover. Well, that'll be about all for me," he said, having taken the last of the load out of the wagon. "I'll be going."

For a moment the Nifties had a homesick, lonely feeling when they saw him driving away. It was nearly dark. The tree tops were swaying and creaking in the wind that was carrying the storm toward them, and their camping outfit was heaped at their feet in confusion.

"Why didn't we think to bring a tarpaulin," mourned Brooksie.

Fritz was the only one that acted happy and he was doing great things in hunting for rats he suspected were concealed somewhere in the woods.

Jack had been up to the barn on an exploring expedition. He came running back, shouting something along the way. Owing to the storm sounds of the wind in the trees, the boys could not understand.

"Say," they heard, when he was near enough for his voice to carry, "say, fellows," he panted, "whose got a key to the barn? The door is locked and there's someone inside. I could hear 'em moving!"

(Continued next week.)

POETS' CORNER

THE WIDOW MALONE

By Charles Lever.

Irish poet and novelist, who lived from 1806 to 1872. Best known novels are Harry Lorrequer, Charles O'Malley and Tom Burke of Ours.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone?
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts—
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ahone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known
That no one could see her alone,
Ahone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye—
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien from Clare—
How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there—
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!"
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
For why?
"But, Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong,
And, one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong:
If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress
Malone!
Ohone!
Oh! they're all like sweet Mistress
Malone.

SONG OF THE GRASSHOPPER

Author Unknown.

I saw a brown old grasshopper,
And he sat upon a stone,
While ever and anon he chirped
In a sad and mournful tone.
And many an anxious troubled look
He cast around the naked plain,
Where now was but a stubble field,
Once waved the golden grain.
What ails thee, old brown grasshopper?
His voice was low and faint,
As in the language of his race
He made this dire complaint:
"O! in the long, bright summer time,
I treasured up no store,
Now the last full sheaf is garnered
And the harvest days are o'er."
What didst thou, brown old grasshopper
When the summer days were long?
"I danced on the fragrant clover tops,
With many a merry song;
O! we were a blithesome company
And a joyous life we led,
But with the flowers and summer hours,
My gay companions fled:
Old age and poverty are come,
The autumn wind is chill,
It whistles through my tattered coat,
And my voice is cracked and shrill.
In a damp and gloomy cavern,
Beneath this cold, gray stone,
I must lay me down and perish—
I must perish all alone
Alas! that in life's golden time
I treasured up no store;
For now the sheaves are gathered in,
And the harvest days are o'er."
He ceased his melancholy wail,
And a tear was in his eye,
As he slowly slid from the cold, gray stone
And laid him down to die.
And then I thought, 'twere well if all
In pleasure's idle throng
Had seen that old brown grasshopper,
And heard his dying song;
For life's bright glowing summer
Is hastening to its close,
And winter's night is coming—
The night of long repose;
O, garner, then, in reaping time
A rich, unfailing store,
Ere the summer hours are past and gone,
And the harvest days are o'er!

"THE MASTER IS COMING"

By Mrs. Emma A. Lent.

They said: "The Master is coming
To honor the town today,
And none can tell at whose house or home
The Master will choose to stay."
And I thought, while my heart beat wildly,
What if He should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
And honor the Guest divine!

And straight I turned to toiling
To make my home more neat;
I swept, and polished, and garnished,
And decked it with blossoms sweet.
I was troubled for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hastened and worked the faster,
And watched the hurrying sun.

And right in the midst of my duties
A woman came to my door;
She had come to tell me her sorrows
And my comfort and aid to implore.
And I said: "I cannot listen,
Nor help you any today;
I have greater things to attend to"
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another—
A cripple, thin, pale and gray—
And said: "O, let me stop and rest
Awhile in your home, I pray!
I have traveled far since morning,
I am hungry and faint and weak;
My heart is full of misery,
And comfort and help I seek."

And I said: "I am grieved and sorry
But I cannot help you today;
I look for a great and noble Guest,"
And the cripple went away.
And the day wore onward swiftly,
And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was ever in my heart
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet Him,
And serve Him with utmost care,
When a little child stood by me,
Sweet, but with marks of tear-drops there;
And his clothes were tattered and soiled,
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said: "I am sorry for you;
You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten on elsewhere."
And at the words a shadow
Swept over his blue-veined brow—
"Some one will feed and clothe you, dear,
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended,
And my toil was over and done;
My house was swept and garnished,
And I watched in the dusk alone;
Watched, but no footfall sounded,
No one entered my cottage door,
I could only pray and wait.

I waited till night had deepened,
And the Master had not come.
"He has entered some other door," I cried,
"And gladdened some other home."
My labor had been for nothing,
And I bowed my head and went,
My heart was sore with longing,
Yet, spite of it all, I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,
And his face was graver and fair—
"Three times today I came to your door,
And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent Me onward,
Unhelped and uncomforted,
And the blessing you might have had
was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled."

"O Lord, dear Lord, forgive me!
How could I know it was Thee?"
My very soul was shamed and bowed
In the depths of humility.
And He said: "The sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee;
For, comforting not the least of Mine
Ye have failed to comfort Me."

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

By John Morrison.

To us a child of hope is born;
To us a son is given,
Him shall all tribes of earth obey,
Him shall the host of heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace
For evermore adored;
The wonderful, the counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

To us a child of hope is born,
To us a son is given;
The wonderful, the counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

BUCKEYE BILL SPEAKS

Dear M. G. R.'s—With pleasure I answer to the call of Mississippi Sun Flower. It is a joyful thought to one to find they are not forgotten. I, like all the others, love the dear old Blade. I love to meet, in fancy, with people from all over the United States on the Merry-Go-Round, all endeavoring to excel their neighbor in being pleasant and agreeable. The M. G. R.'s are not alone in trying to be cheerful. I read the Cozy Corner, also. Many helpful letters are to be found in the Cozy Corner. I could say many kind and loving things about our "director," "guardian," Elizabeth, but she begs me to desist. Well, she cannot keep us from thinking kindly of her, at least.

I never told you anything of myself in my former letters to you, but now I will say a few things. If you should ask my enemies about me they would say: "He is a very worldly young man. Proud, selfish, overbearing, cruel, conceited and ambitious. But, oh! dear friends, I cannot believe all they say of me is true. My friends never tell me what they think. Worldly I may be, because I am a creature of this world. Proud? Oh, yes, I am proud. Proud that I am an American. Proud I am a man, not a beast. Selfish? Yes, I am guilty to a certain extent. Are we not all more or less selfish? I may seem overbearing to some who do not think as I do, but it is only my earnestness. I am enthusiastic over anything I firmly believe. As to being cruel, I leave you to judge from my conduct in the past. I never look on a cripple, deformed, dwarfed, dumb or blind person or animal, but that my sympathy is aroused, and if I can do anything to help them I do so.

We are all more or less acquainted with that lump that comes up in our throat to tell us we are about to cry. One day, while going to work, I had to pass around a curve on a railroad track. An engine came along. The engineer blew the whistle as a warning. I stepped from the track with tears in my eyes, which overflowed and ran down my cheeks. Why? I do not know, unless it was gratitude to the engineer, who was not compelled to blow his whistle at that point. Are these likely to be the emotions of a cruel, selfish, over-bearing person? I never could stand by and see anyone or anything be cruel or unkind to anyone or anything unable to defend himself. I have been called "the man who always fights for the under dog" by my friends. Here is my picture; take a look at it, then you can better form an opinion of one of your friends. I have "'spressed" myself.—Buckeye Bill, Indiana.

MR. AND MRS. SHERMAN S. McCOY.
Otherwise "Buckeye Bill" and his best girl.

Just remember, you do not have to get into dog fights, my friend, in defense of the under dog. There are other and better ways. Yours truly, Elizabeth.

GIFTS OF GOD

Noticing on this page many references to the birds, brings to mind the saying that we "do not know how to appreciate our blessings until we are deprived of them." How fully this is true I realized while spending a summer in a section of the country where there were no song birds. Accustomed to living among the green hills, where the "robin trills his lay," and the bobolink his "Robert of Lincoln, and spink, spank, spink," through the long summer day, with a myriad of others, I greatly missed these feathered friends.

Then, the beautiful flowers that give brightness and variety to the refreshing green of earth. These are to be prized as gifts of God, to be cherished along with the common blessings of air, sunshine and water. Then, "let us gather up the sunbeams lying all around our path," and our lives will be brighter, happier and more contented.—A Green Mountain Boy, Vermont.

TAKE NOTICE

Be sure to write Peace Page on the envelope of all letters intended for this department of the Weekly Blade. Be sure, also, to be a Blade booster and pass your own good words along in the name of peace and in the cause of your country.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

ROSE HEDGES

The letter about roses, written by Mrs. Irene C. Mosgrove, of Urbana, Ohio, was greatly appreciated by me. The idea of the rose hedge has been a dream of mine for some time, and is still mostly a dream. I have, though, a row of roses planted for perhaps ten feet, but there are many gaps in the hedge. I do not intend to let them get over two or three feet high, as I want them for a rustic fence. They are mostly Queen Charlottes, but there is one yellow one; one pink, cabbage rose, and some white ones.

I expect at sometime to have the house nearly covered with climbing roses, but so far, I have not been able to "winter over" the cuttings. I have been successful in rooting cuttings in boxes of common soil and sand, equally mixed and kept slightly damp. I put wood ashes, coffee grounds, chipdirt and so on, around my rose bushes, to loosen the earth and keep down the grass. At each front corner of the house, I have a white rosebush, one single and one double, which must be something like the one owned by Mrs. Mosgrove. They were taken from some old plants near an old house, by my mother, who tended them faithfully. They were probably put there by some old resident.

I am fond of all roses and all other flowers. One of my earliest recollections is of following soldiers and strewing roses on their comrades' graves on Decoration Day.

I am sorry, Elizabeth, that you must wear the white rose on FATHER'S DAY. I shall wear the red, and here's hoping that the red will outnumber the white.—Tommy-Anne, Indiana.

Your telling of the way in which you cultivate your rose bushes, makes me think of something I saw in a vegetable garden, which is the joy and pride of a friend of mine. The cucumber and tomato vines, were surrounded with tobacco stems, laid around them, something like a wreath on the ground. This keeps away the bugs and worms that destroy. The plants were in salubrious health when I saw them.—Elizabeth.

P. S.—The garden belongs to one of the Blade printer boys and his wife. I wish there was room to tell you more about it. It is a place where the birds loaf, without fear of harm.

FEW CAN SAY THIS

So many of the letters come from West Virginia, I am going to write what few can say. I live on the famous Mason and Dixon line. I eat my supper in the state of Pennsylvania and go to bed in West Virginia, as the state line goes through our house. Almost every time I step out of doors I cross the state line, and in doing my work. My garden is in Pennsylvania and my poultry is in West Virginia, so I hardly know whether I am a West Virginian or a Pennsylvanian.

The largest pump station in the United States is only a short distance away, this being a central oil and gas territory and also a wonderful coal center, which has so enriched the people that prosperity is assured for years to come. Touring cars pass my door almost, or quite, every hour in the day. Sometimes several are in sight at one time. People have recklessly used up the timber, but here and there is a patch of real woodland.

The hills are beautifully rounded. They are not rocky or very steep, only where there is a bluff, and these are miles apart.

Now I will close with my first, and likely to be my last letter, but how I do enjoy what Elizabeth says, and all the letters, too. One thing more, don't let us worry Elizabeth or the readers by mentioning that old waste basket. Our editor will know what is what.—Louisa J. Martin, Blacksville, West Virginia.

Well, I am pretty glad you wrote that last sentence. Faith is something no well-regulated family can get along without. We of The Weekly Blade are one vast family.—Elizabeth.

"GOOD MORNING"

Elizabeth, and all ye of the Peace Page, good morning—I enjoy all your letters so much, I thought I would write a line or two, providing I am admitted.

I love flowers, chickens and children. I find they can all be raised on the same piece of ground, if the flowers are hardy, such as roses and the like. I felt real sorry for those "spending geraniums."

Will the gentleman who wrote the fish story some time ago please come around and tell us the rest? I am anxious to know how he came out. I am, Wild Rose, of Stoney Lonesome, West Virginia.

Corn, Peas and Beans

Dear Friends All—Greetings and good morning. Fine morning, haying time, everybody busy.

To those who wish to know how to can peas I can this way with good results. Try it and you will not use canning compounds or acids any more, if you have been doing so. I take the peas when just right, that is when the pod is filled, but before the shell of the peas toughens. I get my cans ready the day before I want to can. I begin early. I pick, and have enough people to help me shell them so I will get them canned the day they are picked. I place the shelled peas in quart glass jars, adjust new rubbers and fill the cans with salt water, so the peas will taste right when cooked. Then I put the cans in a boiler, filled with water to within two inches of the top of cans. Boil them for one-half hour, after the contents of the cans begin to boil. Then I remove them to the table, one can at a time and screw each lid down as tight as I can having put them on rather loosely at first. I use a can wrench and heavy tea towels to do this. I cover the table with a folded cotton blanket to put the cans on when I tighten the lids. Then I replace each can as soon as the lid is tightened in its place, in the boiler; put on boiler lid once more and boil another 15 or 20 minutes. After this the cans are returned to the blanket on the table, and, as they cool, the lids are tightened again.

The secret of keeping peas is clean, sweet cans and lids; peas "just right," and then cans closed air tight.

I can sweet corn the same way only I boil it an hour the first time. I use two-quart cans for sweet corn and if shell or kernel is at all tough I find it best to scrape, instead of cutting off. Proceed as with peas, noting the exception.

I boil string beans in kettles, then place colanders on two gallon jars and pour in when almost half done for eating. When cool enough to handle I place them in two-quart glass cans, fill with the water they were parboiled in and proceed as with sweet corn. By thus parboiling I am able to put more beans into a can and they need not be boiled so long in the boiler. If not parboiled they need to be boiled fully three hours before tightening lids, then 30 minutes longer. I have tried both ways and like parboiling best.

I wish you all success. I enjoy your letters. I enjoy the company of GOOD CHEER people and I try to pass it on.—Kindly, Mrs. John Garber, Goshen, Indiana.

Thank you all who responded to the request these letters answer. It was impossible to print all of the letters, so I took the ones which gave the plainest directions, but I read every one and feel as if I had been having a canning bee myself. May good luck attend you who get busy with this. Good food goes a long ways toward making home a happy place.—Elizabeth.

NATURE LORE

By NATURE LOVERS

SINCE my first suggestion to nature lovers has seemed to take root, I will say good morning to the trio of the Peace Page for June the first.

Ohihio, I think you will be glad to know I have sent your letter to one who is "obliged to live out of doors and sometimes gets discouraged," and then, there is Elizabeth's sanction to help her along. Is it not a beautiful thought that our letters may bring health and happiness to some ill, discouraged mortal?

Madeline of Ohio, do you know that sheets of blotting paper, under a weight, make a good press for flowers? They absorb the moisture, thus drying out the flower quickly. This is necessary in order to get a good specimen. They should be aired each day and kept in a dry place.

An idea of my own for mounting, was a folded sheet of linen paper, eight by 10 inches on the inside, right hand page. The specimen was attached by tiny strips of silk-backed court plaster. The opposite page was used for any little quotation in reference to the flower, while outside was written the common or local name, together with the botanical, the family to which it belongs, the date and the locality in which it was found, thus bringing to memory some pleasant visit or flower hunt. These sheets were placed between covers of water color card board, one being decorated with partridge vine, its dark, green leaves and red berries making a pretty contrast.

This set of covers was laced at the back with red ribbon, to accommodate the number of specimens you wish. The other set has a pyrography decoration with a quotation.

Why not give us the names of the flowers in your woods? How to know wild flowers, by Mrs. William Starr Dana, is good for reference. The illustrations are true to nature and the text is not too technical for beginners.

An Old Bach From Ohio, why not come over into our nature corner and tell us more about your flowers? Since men flower lovers are the exception and not the rule, we extend to you a cordial invitation and most hearty welcome. I think the love of nature and association with her children gives an elevation to thought and lends a softening influence to life's rugged way. —Pine Tree, Maine.

What makes you think men flower-lovers are the exception and not the rule? I have not found this to be the case.—Elizabeth.

My home is near some of the most picturesque mountains of upper east Tennessee; mountains whose beauty and grandeur it is impossible to describe; on whose sunny peaks the stately spruce uplifts the same unwavering brow to every change of sky. Had Bob Ingersol viewed our beautiful mountains and verdant valleys in the spring, when the Divine hand has clothed them in tender green with the snowy whiteness of the ivy, the shell pink of the laurel, surely he would have been compelled to acknowledge the works of an all-wise designer.

We have ferns here which would put any green house to shame. Some are so delicate that one wonders a breeze of mountain air does not waft them away. To add to the beauty there are streams of living water, clear as crystal, cold as ice, gushing forth from the fern-bedecked rocks, flowing down the mountain side, purified by nature's own filter, on into the valleys below. There the weary traveler may quench his thirst to his heart's delight.

The sweet-throated birds that God has showered on East Tennessee make lovelier music than any prima donna that ever trilled or warbled. It would take too much space for me to try to enumerate their names or describe their gay plumage.

In blossoming time, our woods are carpeted with violets, wild house leek, wild columbine, intermingled with ferns, while here and there groups of honeysuckle fling their brilliant yellow flowers to the breeze.

If this is printed, I wonder how many of The Blade readers in East Tennessee will remember the poor name.—Flowerden.

You nature lovers may find yourselves saying things in print which you may not have said in your letters. If this is true, it is likely to be your own fault, because of abbreviation and careless writing. I am a good guesser and do fairly well as a mind reader, but if you will write plainly you will help yourselves, while you are helping me, and you will be kind to my eyes. I have but one pair. They are perfectly good ones, but I do not want to take the chances of needing glass ones. I'll "yump" my yob," first.—Elizabeth.

CASH OR CREDIT

Catalogue FREE.

ONLY $10.00

Cash, balance $5 per month, buys this 3-year-guaranteed buggy. Buggies $29.50 up; Surries $45.00 up; Farm Wagons $40.00 up. We trust honest people located in all parts of the world.

Write For FREE CATALOGUE.

Century Manufacturing Co.,

Dep't 525 East St. Louis, Ill.

FAT IS FATAL

Fat is fatal to Health, Comfort, Happiness and often fatal to Life.

Let me send you a trial treatment FREE OF CHARGE. You can get rid of your fat safely, surely and quickly.

That my treatment has accomplished in hundreds of cases. It will help you! Try it! E. A. Richards, Mayor of Holly Hill, Fla., says: Your treatment cured me permanently. It has been two years since I stopped taking it and have not regained a pound. Rev. Mary Kimball, 112 So. Jackson St., Janesville, Wis., says: Have tested and proven the merits of your reduction remedies, none of my garments fit me; they seem made for another woman.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

I have had such wonderful success with my method of reducing superfluous fat that I have decided to offer for a limted time —**free trial treatments.** Hundreds of testimonials on file show that my treatment **takes off fat at the rate of 5 to 7 pounds a week** and what is more, that the fat **does not return** when the treatment is finished. No person is so fat but what it will have the desire effect, no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without starving, exercising or in any way interfering with your customary habits. My treatment is endorsed by physicians, because of its easy, natural elimination of abnormal flesh and its beneficial effect on the whole system. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart Troubles leave as fat is reduced. **Don't take my word for this;** I will prove it at my own expense. Write today for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 391-E, 72 Madison Ave., New York City.

ORANGE LILY SUPPOSITORIES

LADIES

WHY SUFFER?

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50 cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE, and at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306, DETROIT, MICH.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD, FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

BOLT SHOCK KILLS A BATHER

Swimmer Made Mistake in Considering Water Safest.

Williamsport, Pa., 30.—Acting with tremendous concussion upon the water of a reservoir in which three young men of Montgomery were swimming, lightning Wednesday evening shocked Percy McMullen so that he sank to his death. Herbert McMullen and Graff Gaib, his companions, were stunned, but managed to make the bank.

TWICE AS FAST AS TRAINS

German Flies 345 Miles in 5:41 and Wins $12,500 Prize.

Berlin, June 30.—Hirth, the German aviator, who, with a passenger in his monoplane, started from Munich at 7 o'clock last evening, arrived here at 9:08 this morning. His actual flying time was five hours and 41 minutes for 345 miles. A stop over of eight was made at Nuremberg and another landing was made at Leipsic. The airman wins a prize of $12,500. The express trains make the trip between Munich and Berlin in 10 hours.

DEAD MAN SITS AMID CROWD

Pittsburg Billiard Hall Proprietor Finds Spectator Corpse.

Pittsburg, June 30.—For seven hours James Harding sat in a billiard hall here, apparently intent on the games being played. At closing time one of the proprietors found Harding a corpse. Physicians said he had been dead several hours.

EYES CURED

WITHOUT THE KNIFE

Grateful Patients Tell of Almost Miraculous Cures of Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Wild Hairs, Sores, Weak, Watery Eyes and all Eye Diseases. Many have thrown away their glasses after using this magic remedy one week. Send your name and address with full description of your case and it will be sent you on 10 days' trial. The H. T. Schlegel Co., 5539 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill., or fill out the coupon below and you will receive by return mail, postpaid, a trial bottle of this magic remedy that has restored many almost blind to sight.

FREE. This coupon is good for one trial bottle of Schlegel's Magic Eye Remedy sent to you prepaid. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to the H. T. Schlegel Co., 5539 Home Bank Building, Peoria, Ill.

.....

.....

WISDOM OF AGES IN TOUSLED HEAD

Gamin's Complete Knowledge of Tenderloin Life Shocks New Yorkers.

New York, June 30.—Victor Hugo's Gavroche gamin of the barricades, reincarnated and reared in the gutters of New York's tenderloin, stepped out of Les Miserables recently and went into the criminal branch of the supreme court to tell Justice McCall and a jury what he saw while sitting on a tenement stoop on West Twenty-eighth street on the night of November 21, 1910, when Lucie Chavenet was killed by a bullet which it is charged, was fired by Policeman James T. Welsh to frighten a man with whom he had a fight.

This Gavroche answers to the name of William Leggett, and for all his 11 years his knowledge of the life of the tenderloin appalled the court and the crowd of spectators who began by being amused at his pert answers and finished gasping in shocked amazement. He is a short, squatty youngster, with a closely cropped head of blond hair, pale with the pallor of tenement house life.

Wise in All That's Evil.

In repose he is just a "kid," but as he told his story, first in answer to the direct questions of Assistant District Attorney Brothers and then under the none too kindly cross-examination of the defendant's counsel, Terrence J. McManus, the "wise" look in his deep set blue eyes aged him with "the wisdom of a thousand years."

His look of wisdom did not belie him. One had but to see and hear him describe how the women of the neighborhood ply their trade—he knows the trade—how they solicit the chance passerby; to see him crook his little finger and make that insistent, sibilant shrilling noise, to realize how deep his knowledge is. Every one was glad when it was brought out that he is now an inmate of the Parental school at Flushing, L. I., because it spelled a chance that despite his terrible handicap of tenderloin wisdom he may yet grow up to be a useful citizen.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" Justice McCall asked the street arab.

"I do, sir," he answered with a smile.

"What would happen to you if you testified falsely?"

"I would go to purgatory—to hell."

"Oh, first to purgatory and then to hell?" quizzed the justice.

"No, sir—to hell straight."

He Sees the Fight Begin.

"I was sitting on a stoop on Twenty-eighth street, between Sxt' an' Sevent' avenue with a little colored boy named Daniel Mack." Leggett testified. "It was about half pas' ten in de night time. I saw Officer Welsh talkin' wid a woman across de street. He had on a big overcoat and a fedora. He had a fight wid a man an 'he went to de saloon on de corner and dere was Mr. O'Rourke, de bar tender. He looked through de shutter door and den he hollored to O'Rourke, "Come on out! Dey're lookin' for mee!"

"Did you hear him say that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was you?"

"I was in de saloon. After the fight I went to see what was goin' on."

"Then what happened?"

"Welsh went up de street and started to talk to a woman. I ran ahead back to de stoop. De woman wot was shot wuz standin' on de stoop and she solicited de officer an' den she went across de street an' had a fight wid de woman wot was talking to the officer. Den she came back and she just turned around wid one foot on de stoop wen dere wuz a shot an' she fell dead."

"Then what did Welsh do?" asked the assistant district attorney.

"Dey went to de saloon on de corner. I ran along and seen Officer Devlin run upstairs on the elevated station and search a man. I sez to him: 'Dat ain't de man. He's downstairs in de saloon.' Officer Devlin"—oh, he was quite careful to say "officer," only once did he slip up and say "cop," withdrawing it immediately—"Officer Devlin came down. I walked into de saloon wid dem. I saw Welsh sittin' dere an' I pointed to him and sez, 'Dere's de man.'

"Den somebody sez, 'Oh, he's a cop,' an' Devlin ran his hands over Welsh's clothes. Devlin sez to him, 'Wot's de matter?' An' Welsh sez, 'Oh, only a little fight,' and de officers went out. Den I started for home, an' I saw the two cops—officers—go across to the dead woman."

Lawyer McManus could not shake the street arab's story, although he made him admit that he would not go to school and therefore had been sent to the truant school.

"Wasn't 10:30 pretty late for you to be out?"

"Maybe—I was on'y playin' wid de boys."

"Colored boys and white boys?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does your mother do?"

"She works in a restaurant."

Blushes at Father's Job.

"Does you father live at home?"

"No, sir."

"What does he do?"

"He's an extermipator."

"A what?" asked Lawyer McManus.

And now the lad who had unblushingly described how the women of the tenderloin accost men turned crimson and looked at the prosecuting lawyers in shamefaced, appealing manner.

"Oh, come on, it's all right to tell," said Mr. Brothers.

"Well, me fadder goes around killin' bugs," he answered, the color coming and going.

HITS COPPER MERGER

Judge Must Show Why He Denies Injunction.

Lansing, Mich., July 1.—The Michigan supreme court yesterday directed Circuit Judge Albert T. Streeter, of Houghton county, to show cause before July 18 why a writ of mandamus should not be issued to compel him to vacate an order made by him on June 8, denying the application of Frederick W. Denton and Waldman A. Charbourne for a permanent injunction restraining the Ahmeek Mining Co. from consolidating with the Calumet and Hecla Mining Co.

Chadbourne holds 3,000 shares in the Ahmeek mine and Denton is also a heavy holder of stock.

The proposed consolidation of practically all the large copper mines of the upper peninsula of Michigan was first broached by representatives of the Calumet and Hecla Mining Co., who sent circular letters to the stockholders of the several mines proposed for the merger, naming the advantages to be gained by a consolidation.

Certain stockholders in the Osceola, Ahmeek, and other mines allege that the representatives of the Calumet and Hecla are seeking the merger for the sole reason that the lodes of the famous Calumet and Hecla are becoming exhausted and the addition of the other mines is needed to bolster up the stock.

The action of the supreme court is hailed with delight by those stockholders who are fighting the merger, for, despite the fact that injunction proceedings were refused by Judge Swan in the Wayne County Circuit court, and also by Judge Streeter, of the Houghton County court, there is still pending in the Ingham county court similar proceedings instituted by stockholders of the Osceola mine.

HINES MAKES DENIAL

Says He Never Boasted That He Elected Lorimer.

Washington, June 30.—Edward Hines, of Chicago, was subjected today to a rigid cross examination by John H. Marble, attorney for the senate investigating committee.

Mr. Hines contracted sworn testimony by President Herman H. Hettler of the Hettler Lumber company of Chicago, that Hines had boasted to him of having personally elected Lorimer. He denied that the lumber interests raised a big sum to lobby for tariff legislation in 1909, or that the lumber interests had anything to do with the Lorimer election.

Mr. Hines declared that he was "absolutely certain" he was not mistaken about his testimony that former Senator Aldrich stated to him the President was anxious to have Mr. Lorimer elected.

Asked about a denial of this from the White House after his testimony at Springfield, Mr. Hines merely said that such a denial had never been "called to his attention."

GIBBONS 50 YEARS A PRIEST

Cardinal Receives Congratulations on Double Jubilee.

Baltimore, Md., June 30.—Cardinal Gibbons today rounded out half a century as a priest of the Roman Catholic church and a quarter century as a member of the Sacred college, a combined distinction which no American ever before attained. It was on June 29, 1861, that the prelate was ordained to the priesthood, and it was on June 29, 1886, that he was invested with the princely insignia by the pope.

The double jubilee was permitted to pass today without any special observance beyond the special masses celebrated throughout the diocese and the receipt by his eminence of a large number of congratulatory letters and telegrams from friends and admirers throughout America. Added to the American greetings were felicitous messages from the pope and from personal friends at the vatican.

Cardinal Gibbons' jubilee was celebrated some weeks ago by a great nonsectarian gathering in this city which was attended by President Taft, ex-President Roosevelt, Chief Justice White and many other notables. About the middle of October, when the season is more suitable than at present, the ecclesiastical celebration will take place. At that time it is expected that the most noted prelates of the church in America will assemble in Baltimore to do honor to the cardinal.

Next month Cardinal Gibbons will be 77 years old. He enjoys good health, although he is somewhat feeble, and he continues to perform the active duties of his office.

PLANS VENICE NEAR CHICAGO

Chicago, June 30.—Whether or not the millionaire summer colony at Lake Forest is to revel in the delights of a miniature Venice all its own has now been put squarely up to the members of the colony by Mrs. Harold F. McCormick, who has projected the improvement of the lake front.

The plans as shown in the McCormick pamphlet provide for two sets of work. The first is the making of a string of small islands along the line of the present bar in the lake at a distance varying from 300 to 500 feet from the shore.

The idea is to build a breakwater along the bar, make wooded islands and thus afford quiet lagoons for boating and other water sports that are now impossible on account of the exposed position. The depth of the water in the lagoons, according to the plans, would vary from four to six feet.

The second plan is more elaborate. It includes in addition to the first breakwater and the lagoons, the building of a great yacht harbor that would be large enough to float the biggest yachts on the great lakes. The second plan calls for an expenditure of $1,122,499.

EYES WOULD BURN AND STING

"It is just a year ago that my sister came over here to us. She had been here only a few weeks when her eyes began to be red, and to burn and sting as if she had sand in them. Then we used all of the home remedies. She washed her eyes with salt water, used hot tea to bathe them with, and bandaged them over night with tea leaves, but all to no purpose. She went to the drug store and got some salve, but she grew constantly worse. She was scarcely able to look in the light. At last she decided to go to a doctor, because she could hardly work any more. The doctor said it was a very severe disease, and if she did not follow his orders closely, she might lose her eyesight. In the two and a half or three months that she went to the doctor, we could see very little improvement. Then we had read so much how people had been helped by Cuticura that we thought we would try it, and we cannot be thankful enough that we used it. My sister used the Cuticura Pills for purifying the blood, bathed only with Cuticura Soap, and at night after washing, she anointed her eyes very gently on the outside with the Cuticura Ointment. In one week the swelling was entirely gone from the eyes, and after a month, there was no longer any redness or watering of the eyes. She could see better, and in six weeks she was cured." (Signed) Mrs. Julia Csepiesku, 2005 Utah St., St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 25, 1910.

HOLD UP WRONG TRAIN

Miss $400,000 in Gold Dust on Way From Seattle to San Francisco.

Glendale, Ore., June 29.—Apparently mistaking the first section of northbound passenger train No. 16 on the Southern Pacific railroad for a southbound train said to be carrying a shipment of $400,000 in gold dust from Seattle to San Francisco, two robbers held up the northbound train last night near West Fork, an isolated station on Cow Creek canyon.

The robbers rifled the mail car, blowing up the safe, and made away with the registered mail. They tried to secure entrance to the express car, but were foiled by Messenger Robb, who refused to open the door, despite threats that they would use dynamite if he resisted. The robbers, after fruitlessly prying with a crowbar at the side door of the car, finally desisted and decamped with the loot secured from the mail car.

The amount taken by the robbers cannot be ascertained at this time.

This train carries in its registered mail the cash from Southern Oregon postoffices to Eugene, Ore., which is their depository, and this was probably included in the mail stolen.

The robbers boarded the train at West Fork while the engine was taking water. Soon after it had got under way they crawled over the tender into the cab and directed the engineer to stop the train.

Covered With Guns.

This done, one of the men kept the engineer and fireman under the cover of his revolvers, while the other went back and uncoupled the mail, baggage and express cars. Then the engineer was ordered to pull these cars some distance up the track, where he was again ordered to stop. The robbers went back to the mail car, and, lining the mail clerks up, took the registered mail pouches and dynamited the mail car safe.

The noise of the explosion warned Express Messenger Robb of what was taking place, and when the demand came for him to open his door he made no response. The conductor of the train, as soon as he had discovered what had been done, went back to West Fork, where he notified Glendale and surrounding points. Posses have been organized to pursue the robbers.

GETS A HALF MILLION

Oberlin College Fulfills Financial Pledge.

Oberlin, uly 1.J—At a meeting of the prudential committee of Oberlin college yesterday, the secretary was instructed to announce to the general educational board of New York City that the college had successfully fulfilled the conditions of the board's contingent pledge of $125,000 as made May 25, 1909. The "new half million fund," as it was called, is, therefore, officially closed.

In spite of the fact that nearly $100,000 of this fund was paid to the college more than a year ago, the total of gifts actually paid this year will exceed $500,000. This makes it the best year, financially, in the history of the institution. At the same time the year's enrollment of 2,040 made the high water mark in attendance.

The treasurer's report for the year will show equipment to the value of $1,600,000 and the endowment totaling more than $2,400,000, a total list of assets of over $4,000,000. During the last 10 years gifts and pledges to a value of more than $2,000,000 have been received. In the same period the endowment of the college has been increased over 100 per cent., the equipment 121 per cent. and the attendance in the college department 135 per cent.

It is this phenomenal increase in the attendance of the institution which has made necessary the securing of the larger endowment, for the reason that each students costs the institution about $60 more than the term bills which have been charged.

FLOWER PAINTER DEAD

Paul De Longpre Began as Artist at 12 Years.

Los Angeles, June 30.—Paul de Longpre, the artist, died last night. Until De Longpre was 12 years old he attended public schools in Paris. At that age he began to paint flowers on fans, and from this beginning he became one of the most noted of floral painters.

His first oil paintings were accepted at the Paris salon in 1876. Later he was ruined by the collapse of a Paris bank and in 1890 he came to America, taking up his residence in New York. In 1896 he made his first exhibition of flower paintings at American art galleries. He held annual exhibitions after that time. In 1899 he removed to Los Angeles, and in 1901 built a residence at Hollywood, Los Angeles county, surrounded by three acres of flower gardens. For 10 years the place has been a noted point of interest for tourists.

STOLE HIS JUDGE'S WATCH

Kansas City, June 30.—While the hearing of Frank Jackson, charged with passing counterfeit money, was in progress before United States Commissioner Cooksey, in Kansas City, Kan., the other day, the prisoner stole Cooksey's gold watch.

FEARS FOR FARMS IF PACT PREVAILS

Gamble Tells Senate Farm Interests Are Sacrifice in Reciprocity Proposal.

MONTANA FARMERS ASK FOR RECIPROCITY TREATY.

Washington, June 30.—Farmers and stock growers of Northern Montana presented a petition to the senate today favoring the the Canadian reciprocity bill. Senator Myers, who presented the petition, also put in a letter from the circulator of the petition, saying:

"Reciprocity is very popular here. We believe it will be to the best interest of Montana and the country in general."

Washington, July 1. — Characterizing the Canadian reciprocity agreement as a "severe and unwarranted blow at the agricultural interests of our country," Senator Gamble continued in the senate today the attack on the measure which was begun by insurgent senators.

Senator Gamble declared he is a Republican and a protectionist, but that he felt it his duty to oppose and vote against the reciprocity measure as it now stands. He said he would favor reciprocity with Canada that is based on justice and equal treatment to all interests.

"The measure proposed," said Senator Gamble, "is unjust, unfair, unrepublican and is in violation of the declared and settled policy of the party for more than a generation. It means to me a serious blow to the American farmer which places him in unequal and unfair competition with his Canadian rival without any fair or just compensation.

Like Democratic Policy

"With the highest respect for the president," he said, " and with great confidence in his wisdom, I am unable to follow him in the proposed legislation. I have no criticism to make upon the president for the course he has pursued. I would have preferred, however, that congress in the first instance had been advised with and consulted therein, and we would not then have here a proposition of executive origin which we can only arbitrarily dispose of."

The bill was referred to as a revision of the tariff, so far as the farmers' products were concerned, without any equivalent reduction of duty on the things he is compelled to buy.

"Farmer to Be Sacrificed."

Senator Gamble said that the farmer is apparently to be sacrificed, his prosperity checked and his opportunity for extension and enlargement curtailed. In this respect he is practically helpless to protect himself, by combination or otherwise, said Senator Gamble, to save himself from the general onslaught. The bill, he said, would give advantage to the manufacturing interests, and would seriously depress the value of farm lands in this country.

"Can it be expected," he added, "that the agriculturist will sustain the party under a policy which must necessarily depreciate the value of his holdings, make unremunerative his employment, lessen the price of the things he has to sell and place him in competition with a foreign people whose production is from cheaper lands and at lower cost?"

HIS HENS LAY PURPLE EGGS

Farmer's Discovery Would Be Welcomed at Easter.

Columbus, Ind., June 29.—Here is one hard to believe, but the necessary exhibits are furnished. Hens on the farm of H. L. Rost, southwest of this city, are laying purple eggs—ready-made Easter eggs, without artificial coloring, while you wait. Mulberries are responsible, says Mr. Rost.

He explains that he has a number of mulberry trees on his farm and they are loaded with fruit. The winds of the last few days have been causing the mulberries to fall at a rapid rate, and he says he believes fully 25 bushels are on the ground.

MORSE FAILS FOR RELEASE

Court Holds Good at Least Ten Years of Banker's Sentence.

Atlanta, Ga., June 28.—Charles W. Morse, the New York banker, serving a term in the federal prison here for violating the national banking laws, today failed in his effort to obtain his release on a writ of habeas corpus.

Without passing upon the validity of that portion of Morse's sentence of 15 years beyond 10 years, District Judge Newman denied the petition for a writ, declaring that 10 years of the sentence unquestionably is good and as Morse has not served out that time the court had no right now to enter further in the matter. Morse's attorneys filed notice of an appeal.

CONVERSE IN FIFTY TONGUES

Bengali Linguists, on Way to Enter University of Chicago.

Boston, June 29.—Arriving on the Leyland liner Winefredian today from Liverpool were two Bengali linguists, P. Boz and M. Ghosh, who are going to take four year courses in the University of Chicago. Each is able to converse in more than 50 tongues. At Chicago Boz intends to study to become a mining engineer, and Ghosh will take the electrical engineering course.

HOLDS 'MAN-GOD' WAS SUICIDE

Jury Frees of Murder Suspicion Girl Who Admitted Infatuation.

New York, July 1.—A coroner's jury yesterday afternoon returned a verdict that William R. Latson was a suicide. The jury absolved Alta Markheva, the physician's secretary, from all suspicion of being involved in the man's death.

The body of Dr. Latson was found in his apartments, 660 Riverside Drive, on the night of May 11, and suspicion pointed to the Markheva girl, who was the last person in his company. She was arrested, and while in prison attempted to end her own life. She admitted that she had been infatuated with the young physician and declared him to be her man-God."

Instant Relief for Sore Feet

Sore Feet, Tender Feet and Swollen Feet Cured Every Time. TIZ Makes Sore Feet Well, No Matter What Ails Them.

Policemen all over the world use T I Z. Policemen stand on their feet all day and know what sore, tender, sweaty, swollen feet really mean. They use T I Z because T I Z cures their feet right up. It keeps feet in **perfect condition.** Read what this policeman has to say: **"I was surprised and delighted with T I Z for tender feet. I hardly know how to thank you enough for it. It's superior to powders or plasters. I can keep my feet in perfect condition. Believe in my earnest gratitude for T I Z. I am a policeman and keep on my feet all day."—Emzy Hurrell, Austin, Texas.**

You never tried anything like T I Z before for your feet. It is different from anything ever before sold.

T I Z is not a powder. Powders and other foot remedies clog up the pores. T I Z draws out the poisonous exudations which bring on soreness of the feet, and is the only remedy that does. T I Z cleans out every pore and glorifies the feet—your feet.

You'll never limp again or draw up your face in pain and you'll forget about your corns, bunions and callouses. You'll feel like a new person.

T I Z is for sale at all druggists at 25c per box; or it will be sent you direct if you wish from Walter Luther Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill.

PLAN 2,000-MILE ROAD

Highway From Florida to Quebec Is Projected.

New York, July 1. — Confident prediction of an international highway, stretching from Palm Beach, Fla., northward across the United States and southern Canada to Montreal and Quebec, about 2,200 miles long, is made by Howard D. Hadley, chairman of the New York-Montreal road committee, which has been instrumental in carrying forward the part of New York state in this project.

The New York stretch of roadway is only one link in the chain stretching from the southernmost point of Florida to the heart of Canada. Mr. Hadley says that much of the work on the various links in this chain of highways is already under way, each state carrying on its part, so that all can be brought together into a continuous route within two years.

Speaking of the project, Mr. Hadley said yesterday:

"The New York-Montreal road and the Champlain canal will be done within two years, just about in time for the centennial of the battle of Plattsburg, the last naval battle between Great Britain and the United States.

"I hope the present legislature will provide for a commission to arrange for the celebration on Lake Champlain and on the Niagara frontier of the completion of 100 years of peace between English speaking peoples."

SEES ERA OF TRUST BUSTING

Clews Thinks Partis Will Vie in Probing Capital.

New York, July 3.—The decision of the circuit court that the Union Pacific's control of the Southern Pacific by stock ownership does not contravene the Sherman anti-trust act is a development of distinct importance, says Henry Clues. It removes a barrier that has existed for some time, preventing the open, concerted operation of non-competitive lines of transportation.

The sharp advance in the stock market price level that accompanied the decision received somewhat of a check, however, as a result of the week's additional and conclusive evidence of the disposition on the part of the administration to continue to probe the current methods of large industrial corporations. And there is evidently substantial ground for the belief that until after the Presidential election of next year both of the great political parties may be depended upon to make as great a spectacular display as possible in the direction of appealing to popular prejudice by attacking trusts—in less dignified language of continuing a "trust-busting" campaign. Each political party is jealous of the other in this connection, and the one in office is hardly likely to leave any stone unturned that will permit important advantage to be taken by the opposing. Quality fair. Market closed strong to 5 cents higher than earlier in the morning. All other live stock steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.90; good mediums, $7.90@7.95; heavy yorkers, $7.60@7.65; light yorkers, $6.80@6.90; good mixed, $7.00@7.05; bulk of sales, $7.00@7.05; good pigs, $6.60@6.75; stags and roughs, $4.50@5.65.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $8.75@9.00; good fat 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $8.50@8.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $8.25@8.50; common and light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners, $2.25@3.00; choice to prime export bulls, $4.50@4.75; good butcher bulls, $4.25@4.50; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.50@4.00; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.50@5.00; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.25@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25@50.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.25@3.75; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $1.50@2.00; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; common to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $3.00@4.75; spring lambs, $5.00@6.25.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $8.25@8.50; fair to good, $7.00@7.50; common to light, $6.00@7.00; heavy and pailed, $4.00@6.00.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, July 1.—Unexpected small deliveries in the Chicago wheat market and cables a trifle higher, started the wheat market about steady and quiet. Early deliveries on July contracts in Chicago were unusually light, corn and oats receipts being one and one-half million bushels each. Trades were mostly of an evening-up character, owing to the triple holiday. Pit conditions, rather than news in general, influenced the trading. The increased movement in new wheat is causing a proportionate hedging of sales. Cash Toledo wheat opened ¼c up, 89⅛c; July ½c up at 89¾c, and September was ¼c off at 90⅝c. December was unchanged at 93½c.

Trading during the day failed to develop any marked changes, the closes being as follows: Cash 89c; July 89c; September 90⅝c; December 94c.

Corn started a trifle higher, due to the continued bullish sentiment, which seems generally prevalent. All cash corn was quoted 60¾c, or ¼c up. September was 62⅛@¼c, was ⅝c up, and December was ¼c higher at 61¼c.

Corn maintained its upward tendency, cash closing at 62c, a 1c gain over Friday. July closed at 61¾c; September at 63⅝c; December at 62c.

The sympathetic bond between oats and corn, which was quite marked at Chicago, was not so noticeable on the Toledo market, the only change from the previous day's closes being on December oats, which was ⅛c up at 47⅛c. Other opens were unchanged, July, 45½c, and September, 45⅛c.

Slight advances were witnessed in Oats during the day. Closes were as follows: Cash 45⅜c; July 45⅝c; December 47⅝c.

The cloverseed market was firm and quiet with offerings light. Openings were unchanged at cash, $10.00; October, $9.00; December, $9.00, and March, $8.87½.

Scattered buyings and continued light offerings sent the clover seed market upward. Closes: Cash $10.25; October $9.15; December and March $9.10. August timothy $6.00; prime alsike $9.10; August $8.85.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close July 1	Close June 30
Wheat—					
Cash	89⅛	....	....	89	89
July	89½	....	88⅞	89	89
Sept.	90½	90⅝	....	90⅝	90⅝
Dec.	93½	93⅝	....	94	93½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62	61
July	60¾	....	....	61¾	60½
Sept.	61½	....	61¾	63⅜	62¾
Dec.	61¼	....	....	62	61
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	45¾	45½
July	45½	....	....	45⅜	45½
Sept.	45⅛	45¼	....	45⅜	45¼
Dec.	47⅛	47¼	....	47⅜	47
Clover Seed—					
Cash	10.00	....	....	10.25	10.00
Oct.	9.00	....	....	9.15	9.00
Dec.	9.00	....	....	9.10	9.00
March	8.97½	....	....	9.10	8.97½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	6.00	....
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.10	9.00
Aug.	....	....	....	8.85	8.75

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	89¾	89¾	89¼	89⅝	89
Sept.	90	90¼	89⅝	90	89⅝
Dec.	92⅝	93	92	92⅝	93⅛
Corn—					
July	59⅛	....	59⅝	60¼	58⅞
Sept.	61⅜	62⅛	61½	62	61⅞
Dec.	60⅝	61¼	60½	61⅛	60⅛
Oats—					
July	43½	44	....	43¾	43¼
Sept.	44¾	44⅝	44¼	44½	44¼
Dec.	46⅝	....	46¼	46⅜	46⅛

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	94½	....	....	94⅝	94½
Sept.	95½	....	....	95⅝	95⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	86	....	....	85¾	85¾
Sept.	87⅝	87⅝	....	87⅛	87⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	95⅝	95⅝
Sept.	....	....	....	96⅜	96¼

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	97¼	97
Sept.	....	....	....	97⅝	97

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	15.30	....	....	15.65	15.40
Sept.	15.52	....	....	15.87	15.55
Lard—					
July	8.27	....	....	8.27	8.22
Sept.	8.40	8.42	8.37	8.40	8.37
Ribs—					
July	8.42	8.50	....	8.47	8.35
Sept.	8.50	8.52	....	8.50	8.47
Jan.	7.80	7.97	....	7.95	7.80

Money and Stocks.

New York, July 3.—Wall Street—Prices fell off abruptly in the opening transactions in stocks today. Lehigh Valley, which was affected by the adverse decision of the Interstate commerce commission in the coal rate case, declined 1⅝. Losses of 1¼ were sustained by Great Northern preferred, Canadian Pacific and General Electric. Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Atchison, Reading, Chesapeake & Ohio, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie and Amalgamated Copper receded a point each and almost all of the other active shares lost large fractions.

Canadian Pacific exhibited weakness, to 239, and then rallied a point. The rest of the list was sluggish, and made but little recovery. Crops news seemed to be about the only influence affecting the market, the blistering heat in the grain regions raising fresh misgivings. Pressed Steel car advanced a point.

Except for the Erie issues, which received staunch support, the market was weak during the forenoon. The decline in London gave a heavy tone to the opening, which they seemed to be unable to throw off. The intense heat and the approach of a holiday kept away operators, and trading was dull after the first few minutes. Reports of further damage to crops from the heat, and the decision against the Lehigh Valley in the coal rate case exercises a depressing effect. Declines were extended late in the forenoon. Losses ran between 1¼ and 2 points in most of the representative stocks, with the Hill and Harriman issues weakest. Bonds were easier.

The government report on cotton failed to influence stocks, although the condition of the crop was declared to be better than a week ago. Upon the completion of the London selling, which amounted to 20,000 shares, prices hardened a slight fraction, but the demand was largely from the short interest.

New York Stocks.

New York, July 3.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	127⅞	127⅞	127⅞	127⅞
Atchison	111⅞	111⅞	111⅛	111⅛
Am. Car & F. Co	56	56	56	56
Anaconda	40¼	40¼	40¼	40¼
Amal. Copper	69	69	68¼	68⅛
Am. Smelters	79⅛	79¼	78⅝	79⅛
Am. Tel. & Tel	139⅛	139⅜	138⅝	138⅝
Am. Cotton Oil	52	52	52	52
Am. Beet Sugar	51⅞	51⅞	51½	51½
Biscuit com	134	134	134	134
Balt. & Ohio	108½	108⅝	108⅛	108⅝
Blyn R. Trans	81	81	81	81
Beth. Steel com	33	33	32⅜	32⅜
Chicago & W	23	23	22⅝	22⅝
Canadian Pac	240	240	239	239⅛
Clover Leaf	21½	21½	21½	21½
Clover Leaf pfd	46⅞	46⅞	46⅞	46⅞
Ches. & Ohio	81½	81⅝	81	81⅜
Central Leather	30	30	30	30
Consolidated Gas	145¼	145¼	145	145
Can. pfd	84⅜	84⅜	84⅛	84⅛
Erie com	37⅝	37⅝	37⅛	37⅝
Erie 1st pfd	60¼	61	60	60
Erie 2d pfd	49	49	48

BE A SALESMAN

Earn While You Learn!

Trained Salesmen make from $1,200.00 to $10,000.00 a year and expenses. Hundreds of good positions now open. No former experience needed to get one of them. We will teach you to be a Salesman by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a position where you can earn a good salary while you are learning. Write today for free particulars about how to get one of the hundreds of good positions we now have open, also testimonial letters from hundreds of men we have recently placed in good positions. Address nearest office, Dept. 224

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.

Chicago, New York, Kansas City New Orleans, Seattle, U.S.A.

BOOK AGENTS Write now. Postal will do. Outfits free. Best sellers One sold 37 books in 12 hrs. "White Slave"; "Curse of Drink"; "Satan or Christ"; Bibles. The International Bible House, Dept. 5, Phila., Pa.

SAILS ABOVE NIAGARA

Niagara Falls, N. Y., June 28.—The whir of his biplane motor drowned in the roar of the cataract, man and machine obscured in the mist and the spray, Lincoln Beachey late yesterday afternoon flew over the falls of Niagara.

It was the first time a bird man had cut through the swirling currents of air, through the mist clouds and leaping foam caused by the cataract and rapids that have lured so many to death. One hundred and fifty thousand persons witnessed the performance.

All other sensational feats performed at Niagara are forgotten in the performance of Beachey, whose flight is looked upon as the most remarkable ever made by an aeronaut.

Just before 6 o'clock the aeroplane appeared in the sky to the east of the city. Rapidly it flew toward the river and gorge. High over the American falls it appeared to be a great bird, moving over the crest toward Goat Island. Then crossing over the gorge, it flew into the Dominion of Canada.

Speeds Under Arch.

Down along the line of the gorge, high over the upper steel arch, Beachey soared, and then, turning back, he hovered over Victoria park, sailing about until, suddenly dipping his machine down, down, down, between the rock cliffs, he sped like lightning under the arch of the great steel bridge. A tremendous cheer from an admiring multitude nearly drowned the roar of the falls, so intense was the appreciation and admiration.

Throngs on the American and Canadian shores gazed with fascination at the aviator as he rose to a height of about 2,000 feet, twice circled the cataract, and then made the long swoop toward the narrow passage under the bridge. His biplane came racing over the horseshoe falls so low that it was lost to view for an instant and then winged close to the water. It seemed almost to skim the water as he made the bridge passage. Beachey continued on down the gorge almost to the whirlpool rapids, clearing the water by not more than thirty feet before soaring aloft again.

To add to the difficulties of Beachey's flight, a light rain began to fall as he took his seat in the biplane shortly before 6 o'clock. The start was made from a baseball diamond on the American side and he got away nicely. He mounted upward, moving always in the direction of the cataract, and when he crossed the American fall, he was about 2,000 feet in the air. In a great sweeping circle, he swung toward the north and over Horseshoe fall.

Down the river he flew, almost to the lower steel arch bridge two miles below the falls, then coursed to the west and then south again, always dropping as he circled. On his second circle, he went well to the southwest before beginning his low flight toward the upper steel arch bridge under which he was to pass. Swinging again to the north and traveling about fifty miles an hour, he came on, probably not more than 200 feet over the Horseshoe and swishing through its spray.

Once over the cataract, he lowered his plane and rushing with the wind at a speed estimated at sixty miles an hour, he dipped quickly under the arch. As he did so, he caught some of the wash of the outlet of the power tunnel which shoots out from the rocky side of the precipice at that point. At no time, from his final dip until the time he was clear of the structure, was the biplane more than thirty feet above the spume.

The space through which he flew is 168 feet in height and barely 100 feet from side to side. The distance from the brink of the falls to the bridge in which he made the dip is about 400 yards. Beachey will repeat the flight today. The crowd was estimated at 150,000 people.

Made Boots for Three Presidents

JOSEPH COOPER.

Marysville, July 3.—Joseph Cooper, 95, oldest person in Union county, died here Sunday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James Taborn. Cooper had the distinction of having made boots for three presidents, Jackson, Van Buren and Tyler, also General Winfield Scott, Stonewall Jackson, General Lee and other noted men of the south. Cooper came from Virginia to Chillicothe in 154 and after living at Washington C. H. a short time came to Union county.

STEEL STOCK NOT HURT BY CHARGES

Commissioner Smith in Report Calls U. S. Steel Corporation a Monopoly.

New York, July 1.—Steel stocks were hardly affected by the report of Herbert Knox Smith, corporation commissioner, issued yesterday, despite the striking charge contained in the document.

Mr. Smith describes the United States Steel corporation as formed for the purpose of removing competition; ineffective as a monopoly to date, but a powerful factor in the maintenance of high prices and the collection of excessive profits; a public menace to the future through its control of a great national resource, iron ore.

Goes After motives.

These are the indictments of the steel trust rendered to President Taft, following an investigation that has extended over a period of several years.

The report of the commissioner is a statemnt of facts, liberally interspersed with opinions as to the actual and future effects of the operations of the big steel combination in its relations to the public. It is an arraignment of the motives for its formation, of the excessive profits of the promoters responsible for it, of the effect of its dominancy in maintaining high prices, and of the methods and motives of the trust inassimilating to itself 75 per cent of the iron ore reserves of the Lake Superior district.

Undoubtedly the report, while not yet complete, will be made the basis for action by the department of justice to force the corporation to divest itself of its immense ore holdings. No specific allegations are made that the corporation exists in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. That is not the province of the commissioner. But the inference of the report is plain that the steel trust is regarded as a menace to the future through the high measure of control and dominancy exercised through its ore holdings.

Trust to Be Assailed.

Already a federal grand jury in New York has returned indictments against officials of a so-called steel wire pool. This suit has to do with alleged violations of the law in the matter of maintaining prices. If a suit results from the opinion of the commissioner of corporations, it will be upon broaded grounds of public interest to test the right of a single concern to monopolize a raw product.

Thus the largest capitalistic combination in the world will be assailed upon two all-important principles—the one affecting the operations and manipulations of its subsidiary manufacturing concerns in the maintenance of prices; the other assailing it as a holding company exerting a virtual monopoly of iron ore, termed by the commissioner as "the foundation of the business."

This report will be followed by two other reports dealing with the methods of the company in the way of co-operation with its competitors for the maintenance of prices and other features of its operations.

In 1898, the report says, there commenced an era of consolidations in the steel industry with capitalizations running from $30,000,000 to $100,000,000. The result was that three companies, the Carnegie, the Federal and the National steel companies dominated the production of crude and semi-finished steel. A half dozen others centralized and divided among themselves the control of finished products. The latter were dependent upon the former for their raw product, and the former on the latter for their market.

Then came the aggression of each into the domain of the other. The spark that lighted the train was the threat of the Carnegie company to erect a big tube plant near Cleveland. To avert war the steel corporation was formed practically over night.

The underwriting syndicate responsible for it netted a cash profit of $62,500,000. Including the series of promotions preceeding it, promoters' profits aggregated $150,000,000.

The bureau finds that the actual value of the properties involved at formation of the trust was about $700,000,000, the excess capital over actual investment being 100 per cent. The ore properties, paramount in importance in the early struggle, the bureau rated as worth $100,000,000 against a value placed upon them by the steel trust of $700,000,000. Since then the bureau finds that the actual value of the properties has enhanced to $1,078,000,000 against a value placed upon them by the trust of $1,651,000,000, an excess value of $573,000,000. This makes good about half the water originally in the company.

The report finds that the company has maintained its proportion of pig iron production since its formation, practically intact, 43.2 per cent in 1901 against 43.4 per cent in 1910. In crude and finished steel, however, it has lost ground—from 66 per cent at the time of formation to 54 per cent now. In all the corporation commenced with about 60 per cent of production in all forms, and it now controls only 50 per cent.

Competition Is Keen.

The competition, the report says, is keen as between the trust and its competitors, but the competition has not lowered prices.

In ownership of railways the corporation stands by itself. In water transportation it has a strong, but not an exceptional, position. Its control over coking coal has been modified by new processes that make other grades of coal available.

The arguments of the commissioner as to the probable effects of the trust's monopoly in ore will probably be disputed by the steel trade. For instance the report says that based upon the rate of increase of consupmtion the Lake Superior district will probably be exhausted in 30 to 35 years. On that basis the independents would be out of ore in 10 years, as they are now shipping about half of the total output of ore annually.

This is the nub of the argument as to the menacing power exerted by the steel trust. Whether the arbitrary assumption of the rate of exhaustion will take legal status is another question.

STEAMER SINKS IN DENSE FOG

Quebec, June 30.—The steamships Aramore and General Wolfe, groping their way through a heavy fog, met in collision yesterday near Murray bay. The General Wolfe sank within 30 minutes in 30 fathoms of water. No lives were lost.

R. J. DIEGLE GUILTY

Sergeant-at-Arms of Ohio Senate Convicted by Jury.

Columbus, July 3.—The jury in the case of Rodney J. Diegle, sergeant-at-arms of the state senate, who has been on trial, charged with aiding and abetting alleged bribery of State Senator L. R. Andrews, at 12 o'clock today returned its verdict finding him guilty. The jury had been out since 4:30 last Friday afternoon, establishing a record in this county.

Will Ask for New Trial.

Attorneys for the defense immediately gave notice for a motion for a new trial. Sentence was deferred pending the decision on the motion, which probably will be given within the next week. Then the case will be carried to the circuit court, from which a decision is not expected before next November. The penalty is not more than five years imprisonment and from $600 to $2,000 fine, or both.

The first vote taken Friday night was 8 to 4 for conviction. The next vote was 9 to 3 for the same, and so remained through Saturday. Sunday it was 11 to 1. The jurors say that so many ballots were cast that they failed to keep an accurate count.

When the verdict was announced Diegle was in the court room accompanied by the members of his family and senators Andrews and Hoffman. None showed any nervousness but Senator Andrews.

"It's tough," was the only remark made by Diegle.

The jury came into the criminal court at 9 o'clock this morning and requested of Judge Kinkead that special parts of the transcript of evidence taken during the case be re-read to them.

Want Stenographer's Testimony.

The parts that they desired, according to the statement of the foreman, Macy Walcutt, were the testimony of Court Stenographer Walcott as to the alleged conversation between Detective Harrison and Senator Andrews, and the testimony of Andrews as to his conversation with Senator Cetone prior to going to the Chittenden hotel to meet Harrison.

During Walcott's statement to the court, he leaned over and whispered to Charles W. Earry and then corrected one of his requests to the court, which indicated that Barry was one of the supposed two jurors who were still holding out this morning. After their return to the jury room the verdict was arrived at after a discussion of the Walcott testimony.

The specific charge against Diegle was that he aided and abetted in the solicitation of a bribe of $200 offered State Senator Andrews in connection with the Cetone-Whittemore Mutual Fire Insurance bill.

Diegle was the second of those indicted by a recent grand jury as a result of legislative investigation to go to trial.

Representative Nye, of Pike county, was the first to be tried. He was acquitted of a charge of bribery, but other indictments are pending.

Caught by Dictagraph.

The Diegle trial began June 17 and the state relied on a mechanical device, the "dictagraph," a highly sensitized telephone, for its strongest evidence. The dictagraph transmitter was secreted in a detective's room in a hotel and a court stenographer in another room reported the conversations in which it was alleged the bribes were offered and accepted.

There are three state senators and representatives and two alleged lobbyists under indictment, but it is probable that their trials will go over until the fall term of court.

When Judge E. B. Kinkead Saturday night ordered the jury locked up until Monday morning, there was apparently the slightest chance for anything but disagreement. The jury retired Friday before supper. When ordered locked up for over Sunday it could not report to the court before 9 o'clock this morning, over 63 hours before the court concluded his charge.

Spend Hot Day Balloting.

With the kiosk writing in a well formed businesslike hand up around 108 during the greater part of the day, the 12 jurors sweat and probably swore as they wrestled with the case. The jurors, quartered in a large, double room at the Southern hotel, spent the entire day in arguing and balloting.

Under the guard of five special bailiffs, the 12 jurors were locked in their room, which has the appearance of a hospital ward, with its 12 white iron cots arranged in rows on either side of the room. The men were worn with their long struggle, and when they retired Sunday evening were at the point of exhaustion. Three or four of the older men show the effects yet of their struggle, but bailiffs say that in spite of the terrific heat which made all Columbus a veritable blast furnace, the men are still in good shape.

Diegle was under trial on a charge of aiding Senator La Forest Andrews of Ironton in soliciting a $200 bribe from Burns detectives. It is considered the weakest of four cases against lawmakers developed by the detectives, backed by the dictagraph. The state was required to prove that Andrews did solicit a bribe, then that he was aided by Diegle.

Victory for the state would be generally accepted as indicating speedy conviction of others under indictment, as soon as court resumes its grind in September.

Revelations Expected.

The state's attorneys have held, from the first, that but few convictions would be required to break the strong and united fighting power of the bribery defense. There was a puncture when Representative Owen J. Evans of Stark confessed, but there now is a feeling of confidence by those charged with the prosecutions that it is only a matter of time until the entire story of corruption in the last legislature will be known to the public. There are even predictions that the revelations will extend back through previous general assemblies.

While it was reported that a verdict had been reached last night, friends of the defendant clung to the hope of a hung jury. From an apparently reliable source it is learned that the first ballot Friday night was 9 to 3 for conviction, and it was not until noon Sunday that a change made the record 10 to 2, where it hung until the final ballot this noon.

The case has been fought bitterly through two long weeks of trial, preceded by every device of motion and affidavit known to lawyers. It is certain that a conviction would be contested with equal vigor, and accepted only when confirmed by the supreme court. Through the trial the defense has been paving the way for appeals to higher courts.

Seeks New Climbing Records

Annie S. Peck, the famous mountain climber, sailed for South America Saturday, June 3, on her way to explore unknown parts of the South American continent, as well as to add to her reputation as a climber of mountains. She is going to try to get to the top of Mount Aconcgua, 22,800 feet above sea level.

SAYS HYSTERIA IS SOURCE OF ART

German Professor Says Malady Is Infectious and Entire Europe in Grasp.

Berlin, June 30.—Friends of new movements in philosophy, literature and art are angrily quarreling with a new book issued by Prof. Hermann Aub of Munich. Dr. Aub is a universally recognized specialist in nervous diseases, and the title of his book, "Hysteria in Men," therefore at first excited no challenge.

It set out ostensibly to prove the impartial thesis that men suffer from hysteria as well as women. But while starting thus innocently, Dr. Aub lets himself go ferociously against practically the whole intellectual achievement of Europe during the past century. Not brain, not inspiration, not mental travail is the cause, he declares, of Europe's recent art. Hysteria, simple, unattractive hysteria, is the fountain of all.

The path to this astonishing thesis is paved with painful statistics as to the commonness of hysteria among men. Hysteria is no mere woman's ailment. In France, it is estimated, there is one male sufferer to every two female; and there are some ranks of French society where men sufferers are in an actual majority. Even the workingman is often a victim.

Seizes Whole Armies.

The disease pervades armies and in war seizes whole bodies of soldiers, who, under privation and strain, see "en masse" visions of things which do not exist. Hysteria, as a fact, is an infectious disease, and therefore a "modekrankheit"—a disease of fashion. It appeared as a mass disease in the middle ages in the shape of the crusade mania, and now it has revisited Europe in the shape of a mass disease of the hyper-intellectual.

Hysteria got its grip upon modern philosophy by claiming as its victims the two greatest leaders in this domain—Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Both of these men suffered badly from hysteria, and manifested hysterical tendencies in their writings. Nietzsche spent the second part of his life in a madhouse, suffering from a complaint which was merely ordinary hysteria aggravated to psychosis. Nietzsche's original hysteria took the form of the mania of greatness, a common form among the hysterical.

"Martyr to Philosophy."

Schopenhauer's hysteria took an equally common form—the mania of persecution. Schopenhauer was a "martyr of his own philosophy." Before death finally overtook him he had died a thousand deaths. He lived in eternal dread of his destiny. His mania of persecution showed itself in his unceasing flights from cholera, from poisoned tobacco, from newspapers; and also in his practice of keeping his notes in English, Latin or Greek to prevent others understanding what he was about.

When two such marked hysterical types gained command of Europe's intellect, says Aub, it is inevitable that hysteria, being infectious, should crop up everywhere. "Nietzsche and Schopenhauer are the foundations upon which practically all modern literature, art and music are built. Yet both these men had pathological natures; how much more markedly pathological, then, must be their philosophy, the product of their diseased spirits. And it is on this utterly rotten foundation that rest our intellectual achievements and our new mental culture."

Most Marked in Drama.

The resultant hysteria shows itself most plainly in the drama. "The "pathological, the directly hysterical, plays a painfully great role in the dramatic productions of modern poets. The chief representative of this tendency is Henrik Ibsen. In him varying hysterical tendencies are easily discerned." One such tendency, says Aub, is Ibsen's changeability of temper and trend. He changed continually. First he was a romantic, then a realist, then a symbolist, and, lastly, a mystic. His plays are thronged mainly, with insane, psychopathic or hysterical types. Ibsen owed his success to this very fact. He had a ready-made hysterical audience, to whom, by his very intellectual deficiencies, he appealed.

"How was it," asked Dr. Aub, "that the strange productions of a man of negation, of skepticism, of pessimism, a man who never rose to real inspiration or noble pathos, nevertheless made a march of triumph across Europe? The answer is: Because of certain tendencies of the time, of certain movements which had their origin outside the domain of poetry; in other words, because of the hystericisation of our modern society."

Holds Sculptor Victim.

The Hungarian painter, Munkacsy, dealt in "religious mass hysteria' 'of the typical medieval kind. Meissonier and Taeffaert is "proletarian mass hysteria." In modern sculpture, Rodin is hysterical. But the best typical example of the hysterical in stone is Bartholome's "Monument aux Morts," in the Parisian cemetery of Pere La Chaise.

In music, Wagner, Debussy and Richard Strauss are classed together as victims of hysteria. Dr. Aub's diagnosis of Wagner closely accords with his diagnosis of Schopenhauer. Wagner was ever oscillating between intense work and nervous depression. The extraordinary music of Richard Strauss can be explained by nothing except nervous abnormality and the nervous abnormality of his audiences, is the great cause of his success.

Aub's condemnation of modern society is naturally awakening much opposition. It is compared with Max Nordau's "Degeneration." But Aub has greater scientific qualifications than Nordau and he is more discriminating and precise in his impeachment. It is consoling to think that Aub does not hold that hysteria will keep its grip on modern civilization forever. He quotes Democritus to the effect that "one fool is enough to make a whole country of fools." The infectious malady of hysteria spread, in fact, from one man to another until it contaminated all society. But likewise, as with other epidemics, it may at any moment subside, and the world will then be restored to its pristime sanity and joy.

SAYS ROOSEVELT WILTED ON SUGAR

Washington, June 29.—"I used to think Theodore Roosevelt was the greatest man in the universe and the people of Kansas still do," declared George H. Earle, Jr., of Philadelphia, when he resumed his testimony today before the house sugar trust investigating committee. Mr. Earle told how Mr. Roosevelt once talked to him in Latin and, in more serious vein, discussed the sugar trust and the tariff.

Mr. Earle, who was the most active pursuer of the American Sugar Refining Co. after the wrecking of the Real Estate Trust Co. and the closing of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining Co., told the committee yesterday that former President Roosevelt had "lost his preference for big game," in not prosecuting the sugar trust officials in that case.

"Have you ever had any trouble with Mr. Roosevelt?" asked Chairman Hardwick today.

"None at all. I voted for him twice and stumped for him, and when I wrote to him about this case I was sure something would be done."

"Never had any communication with him since?"

"No. I never met Mr. Roosevelt but once since I left Harvard, and that was at the White House. He asked me if my career at Harvard had done me any good.

"I told him that I didn't know. Then in that peculiar enunciation, which he possessed, he quoted something to me in Latin, which I couldn't by any chance understand. Being examined in Latin by the President of the United States made me feel silly, so I smiled and the President slapped me on the back and said:

"'I see you understand,' which, of course, I did not, but by smiling it made him think so. That's the only conversation I remember having had with Roosevelt in many years.'

"Has your activity in the sugar case caused you any persecution by ths ugar trust people?"

"None at all.

"Some of the sugar trust people are my personal friends. Mr. Thomas was my classmate at Harvard and George Frazier is my personal friend. In all this transaction I never found anything that reflected on them.'

In relating the history of the case, Mr. Earle touched upon the tragic results, including the physical collapse of Adolph Segal, the death of Gustave Kissel and the suicide of Frank K. Kipple.

AGENTS 100% PROFIT

15 In One

Just out. Patented. New Useful Combination. Low priced. Agents aroused. Sales easy. Every home needs tools. Here are 15 tools in one. Essex, Co., N.Y. agent sold 109 first few days. Mechanic in shop sold 50 to fellow workmen. Big snap to hustlers. Just write a postal—say: Give me special confidential terms. Ten-inch sample free if you mean business. THOMAS MFG. CO., 5878 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

BURTON TO BACK TAFT ON TREATY

Ohio Senator Chosen to Defend Recipricity From Attacks of Opponents.

Washington, July 3.—Senator Burton of Ohio, has been selected to represent the Taft administration in answering on the floor of the senate the opponents of the reciprocity bill.

To Senator Burton has been assigned the task of making the one extensive speech to be delivered for the bill.

President Taft does not want a vote on the bill unduly delayed by any of the senators who propose to vote for it. He does, however, want an answer made to the attacks on the measure by the insurgent Republicans headed by Senators La Follette and Cummins.

One comprehensive argument on behalf of the bill to go into the senate record is regarded in administration circles as imperative, particularly because the Republican senators fighting the measure continuously have been saying that no one dared to defend the bill on the floor of the senate. Day after day they have tauntingly inquired why some senator, especially a Republican, did not speak for the bill. The answer will come in the Burton speech.

Make Campaign Material.

It is anticipated that all or a good portion of the Burton speech will be used in the Republican campaign boom for 1912 as one of the answers to the political criticism of the President that seems certain to come in connection with the reciprocity controversy. Senator Burton agreed to make the speech after conferences with the President. Some of the arguments advanced by the Republican senators fighting the bill were gone over in these conferences. The arrangements for the Burton speech were completed after consultation not only with President Taft, but with Chairman Penrose of the finance committee who had charge of the bill on the floor by virtue of his chairmanship, and other senators interested in pressing the bill to a vote.

As is now planned, no other senator will take time to speak for the bill, with the possible exception of Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. Lodge says frankly he does not believe in the bill on economic grounds. He is going to support it, however, largely because he desires to stand by the administration, and again because of the seeming fact that the people of Massachusetts are overwhelmingly for the pact. If he speaks, which is a matter to be determined later, Senator Lodge will discuss the bill from the viewpoint of an extension of good feeling among the nations, arguing that the ratification of the Canadian pact will mark a step in the direction of more friendly international relations.

Senator Burton, in his speech, proposes to take up every phase of the questions involved in the reciprocity agreement. He will endeavor to answer the objections not only of the insurgents and so-called progressive Republicans, but also the criticism of the bitter stand-patters, such as Heyburn of Idaho. If it is possible for him to do so, Senator Burton will start his speech Wednesday, following the conclusion of the speech of Senator Cummins, who already has taken two days in arguing against the bill. Senator Burton has before him the specific task of answering speeches already made against the bill by Senators Cummins, La Follette, Borah, Crawford, McCumber, Gamble and Nelson, all Republicans.

$500,000 FOR THIS HOT TODDY

Glosgow, Scotland, July 3.—Dalmore's distillery was burned today, causing a loss of $500,000. A remarkable spectacle was furnished by a stream of burning whisky running from the flame-swept building in the Cromarty firth.

A Congregation of One.

London Globe.

In his younger days the Rev. Sir Cameron Lees, D. D., was a Highland missioner in a scattered territory and passing rich on £40 a year. On one occasion on the Sabbath day the windows of heaven opened and there was a deluge on a small scale. The young minister, of course, was at his post, but only one member of the congregation had the courage to turn up, an old farmer. Cameron Lees suggested that in view of the terrible weather they should adjourn to his study and hold their devotions there.

"No, no," said the old Highlander. "It is written, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I also.' You are one and I'm one, so there's the two, and we'll have the service as usual." And there was a service for a congregation of one.

A Mummy's Toy.

Harper's Weekly.

There is a doll in the British Museum that is more than 3,000 years old. When some archaeologists were exploring an ancient Egyptian tomb they came upon a sarcophagus containing the mummy of a little princess 7 years old. She was dressed and interred in a manner befitting her rank, and in her arms was found a little wooden doll.

The inscription gave the name, rank and age of the little girl and the date of her death, but it said nothing about the quaint little wooden Egyptian doll. This, however, told its own story. It was so tightly clasped in the arms of the mummy that it was evident that the child had died with her beloved doll in her arms.

The doll occupies a place in a glass case in the museum and there a great many English children go to gaze upon it.

An Old Maine Bear Trap.

Lewiston Journal.

T. B. F. Bates, of Oakland, has a bear trap made by a Lubec blacksmith in 1787 to catch bears. The present owner has also used it for this purpose. The trap has two large springs, one on each side of the jaws; on one of the jaws are five large teeth and on the other side six. The jaws have an opening of 12 by 14 inches.

ANYBODY CAN LAY IT.

Rubber Roofing

Warranted For Twenty-Five Years. FREIGHT PAID To Any Station East of Rocky Mountains, except Texas, Okla., Colo., N. D., S. D., Wyo., Mont., N. M., La., Ga., Ala., Miss. and Fla., on all orders of three rolls or more. Special Prices to these States on request.

ONE-PLY - - - - Weighs 35 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.10 per roll.
TWO-PLY - - - Weighs 45 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.30 per roll.
THREE-PLY - Weighs 55 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.50 per roll.

TERMS CASH: We save you the wholesalers' and retailers' profit. These special prices only hold good for immediate shipment.

Indestructible by Heat, Cold, Sun or Rain.

Write for FREE SAMPLES or order direct from this advertisement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We refer you to Southern Illinois National Bank.

CENTURY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 526 East St. Louis, Ills.

95 cents

Post Paid

Cuaranteed 5 Years

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our great line of Elgin Watches we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail, postpaid for **ONLY 95 CENTS.** Regular gentlemen's size, open face, nickel silver plated plain polished case, Arabic dial, lever escapement, expansion balance and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. In addition to the watch, and without any extra charge whatever we send free with each watch 4 certificates which will be sent by return mail postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 95c today as this advertisement may not appear again. **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO**

SOX ORDERED BY WIRELESS DELIVERED BY AEROPLANE

New York, June 29.—Ordered by wireless, delivered by automobile and aeroplane, after arrangements made by telephone! The only feature overlooked was the presence of a submarine for emergency rescue purposes.

Such was the scenario of a quickly arranged demonstration of modern practical applications of modern science when W. Atlee Burpee, the millionaire seedsman of Philadelphia, undertook to play a little joke on his friends of John Wanamaker's store by sending them an order by wireless from the Olympic after she had sailed from the Chelsea piers.

Mr. Burpee had been much amused by the recent installation of a wireless apparatus on the roof of Wanamaker's. It was explained to him that incoming transatlantic travelers could order things delivered to them at the pier. He grinned, and to some of his friends he confided that he was going to use Wanamaker's wireless plant for an order that wouldn't be delivered for a long, long time.

Flashes Orders for Socks.

The Olympic had hardly swung out into the Hudson river yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock, than he flashed an order to Wanamaker's for some small articles of personal wear and use. One of the items was said to be a toothbrush and another was a pair of sox with the request for immediate delivery.

In five minutes Wanamaker's had Aviator Sopwith on the telephone at Nassau boulevard and had closed a contract with him to deliver a package to the deck of the Olympic.

One of the light delivery automobiles of the store equipment was cranked while a professional chaffeur dashed through the store and collected the articles called for by Mr. Burpee and ran with them to the automobile which was sent whirling over Nassau boulevard to the Aero club hangars. From this point on, the story is told by Mr. Sopwith:

The Airman's Story.

"I was afraid we were late, but when I caught the line of the boat ahead of us and worked along the edge of the narrows until I saw the club, there was the big ship just coming down between Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton. I went right out over her and headed for her when she was squarely between the forts. We were about 600 feet above her. I swooped down until when we crossed her decks we were about 200 feet above the deck. Then I dropped the package. Richard Sinclair, who accompanied me, let go a bunch of letters.

"Don't know what was in the blamed package, but hope it was nothing breakable. And I'm sorry for the little chap with the white yachting cap who was hit by it. I didn't aim it at him anyway. But he was game. All the other passengers were cheering and waving handkerchiefs and he got on his legs before we were out of sight and did the same.

"Then I took a long sweep around and came back here to the Crescent Athletic club lawn."

WOMEN DIE AS SHIP HITS ROCK

Seattle, July 1.—Two women were the only victims of the wreck of the Pacific steamer, Spokane, which, with 160 excursionists aboard, struck on Ripple Rock, Thursday night.

The tide carried the Spokane northward out of the Narrows, and the steamer was guided into Plumper Bay before she sank. The passengers scrambled to the upper decks and were taken to the shore in the small boats.

When the roll was called it was found that Mrs. Strauss and Mrs. Williams, elderly women, were missing.

A search of the vessel was made and Mrs. Williams' body was found in a toilet room. It is supposed she found herself unable to escape after the ship struck and fainted. Death was due to drowning.

Mrs. Strauss died of heart failure shortly after the ship struck, excitement and terror proving too much for her.

The Spokane was passing through the perilous Seymour Narrows, where many stout ships including the American man-o-war Aranac have met their doom, when it struck heavily on Ripple Rock, which divides the channel.

6 prs. Hosiery $1.00 GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS

Fine, soft stockings for all the family—a *half-year without holes.* No darning. No sore feet. A new pair free for any pair that wears out. Sold direct through us from factory to you, without cost for the guarantee. Cheaper than common, unprotected hosiery. 6 pairs (one size), fast black, $1.00.

Just as big bargains in Carpets, Rugs, Matting, Lace Curtains, Towels, Oil Cloth, Linoleum, Cocoa Mats, Hammocks, Couch Covers, Auto Robes, Raincoats, Sewing Machine and Auto Oils.

Try this "House of Unusual Bargains." Write now for the money-saving catalogue. We guarantee perfect satisfaction, or refund of purchase price. Drop a postal now!

ROXBOROUGH RUG CO., Dept. 378, Phila., Pa.

5 Fine POST CARDS FREE

Send only 2c stamp and receive 5 very finest gold embossed cards FREE, to introduce post card offer. Capital Card Co., Dept. 210, Topeka, Kan.

Special Grand Offer

TO INTRODUCE OUR

NEW EXCELSIOR SOLAR TELESCOPE

Pat. April 24, 1906.

No Telescope with a solar eye piece has ever before been sold for less than $8.00 or $10.00.

This long, powerful automatic Telescope is provided with an adjustable eye piece fitted with a solar dark glass lens. With this wonderful solar eye piece you can look the sun squarely in the face on the brightest and hottest day. Never before was a telescope with such an eye piece attachment sold for less than $8 or $10. This eye piece alone is worth more than we charge for the entire telescope. Remove the solar eye piece lens and you have a good practical telescope for land observations, etc.

Positively such a good telescope was never sold for this price before. These telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe; measure closed 12 inches, and open over 3¼ ft., in 5 sections. They are brass bound, brass safety cap on each end to exclude dust, etc., with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Guaranteed by the maker. Heretofore telescopes of this size have been sold from $5 to $8. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments, and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view with an astonishing clearness.

Our new catalogue of guns, etc., sent with each order. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. **We guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.**

Circumference 5¾ Inches

PRICE ONLY

$1.00

BY EXPRESS

Charges Collect

By Mail, Insured, $1.20

ONLY $1.00

OVER 3½ FEET LONG

The mysterious spots on the Sun. Get our Solar Telescope and see them.

WORTH MANY TIMES THE PRICE

The Saxon, New York, Nov. 6, 1910.

Gentlemen—I had with me on my recent European trip one of your Excelsior Solar Telescopes with which I had the pleasure of observing the eclipse of the sun. At the Austrian Tyrol it was almost 90 per cent. concealed. Your solar eye piece is a great thing. Its value to me on this occasion was many times greater than the entire outlay for the telescope. Yours truly L. S. HENRY

COUNT CATTLE 20 MILES AWAY

I wish all to know how satisfactory the Excelsior Telescope is. Our farm is on the highest point in the surrounding country, one mile south of the junction of Walnut and Arkansas Rivers. From our place we can see, with the aid of the scope, over into the Kansas Indian Reservation, nearly 20 miles, count the cattle and tell a horse from a cow; can see a large ranch 17 miles east that cannot be seen with the naked eye, can see the color and count windows with the telescope. Again thanking you all for a square deal, I remain, Yours truly,

F. G. PATTON, Arkansas City, Kan.

Hundreds of others saying good things about these telescopes.

GET ONE AND TRY IT

Send $1 by Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order, or Bank Draft, payable to our order. Send by mail, insured, 20c. extra.

JAMES T. E. KILLEEN, Dept. 7, 157 West Adams Street, CHICAGO.

CLOTHING SALESMEN WANTED $150 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES

active men selling our popular line of clothing. No experience necessary. We are **America's Pioneer Tailors.** We operate the largest mills in United States and sell goods cheaper than any other house. Finest tailored suits, $7.50 up. At these prices you have no trouble in getting orders. **OUR PLAN**—We furnish you large, handsome sample outfit, cloth samples, lithograph fashion plates, tape measure, order blanks, advertising matter, all rent express prepaid. Don't buy a suit or overcoat anywhere, at any price until you see our liberal offer and the biggest and lowest priced tailoring line in the United States.

The Old Woolen Mills Co., DEPT. 708 Adams & Market Sts., Chicago